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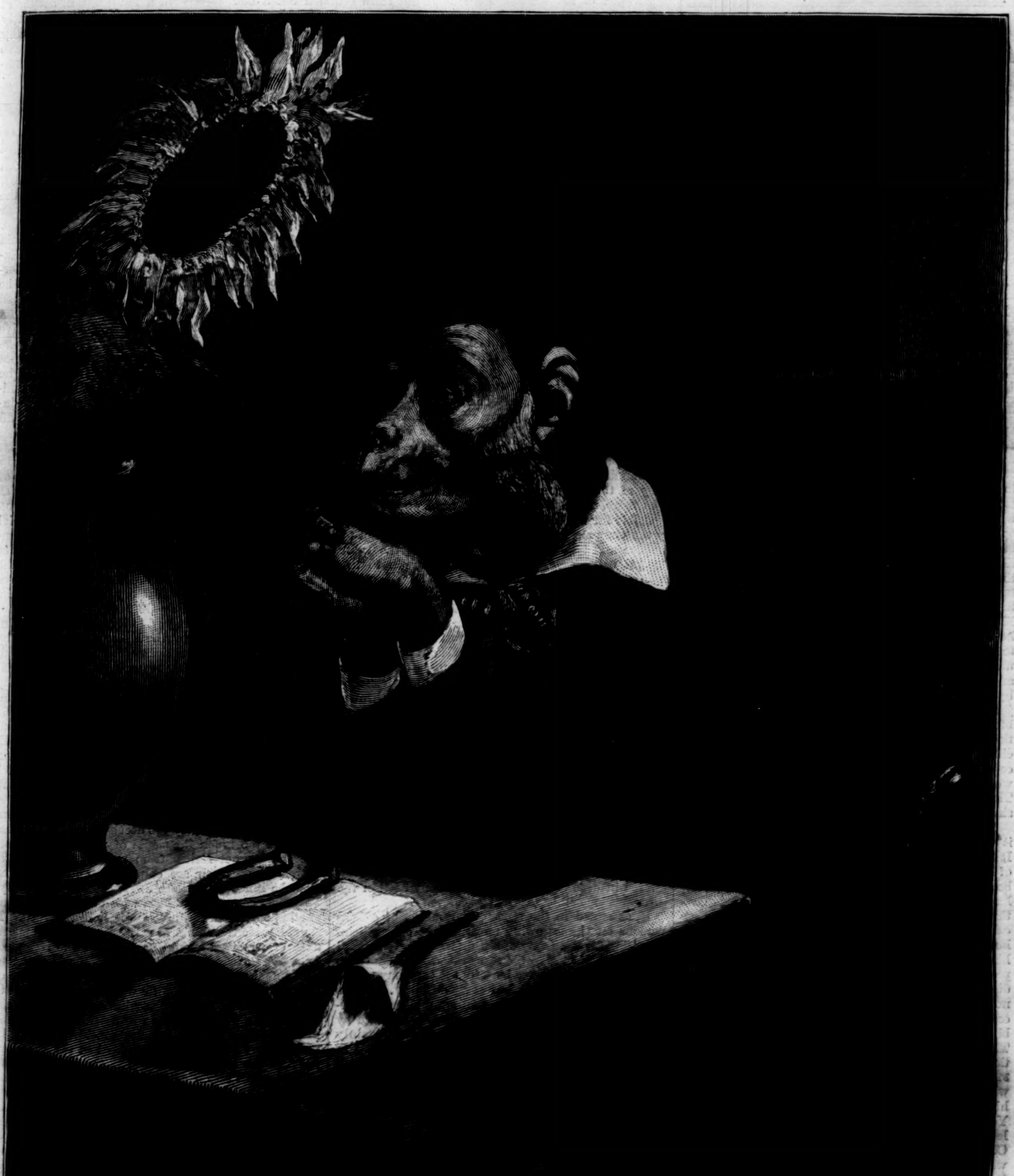


THE ÆSTHETIC MONKEY.—ENGRAVED, BY PERMISSION, FROM THE PICTURE BY W. H. BEARD, IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. HUGH AUCHINCLOS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1882.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *No.* 117, *published January* 24, *contains, besides the Serial Story, two amusing sketches, entitled "Todd and Ketchum's 'Grate Show,'"* by ELLA RODMAN CHURCH, *and "Mr. Thompson and the Bull-Frog,"* by ALLAN FORMAN.

"The Scullion who became a Sculptor," by GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON, *and "The Waves at Work,"* by CHARLES BARNARD, *are interesting articles, and instructive as well as entertaining.*

The illustrations, ranging from an artistic head, from an oil-painting by GREUZE, *to merry scenes accompanying Nursery Jingles, and including two pages by* MRS. JESSIE SHEPHERD, *are numerous and attractive.*

PRESIDENT GARFIELD AS A PUPPET.

AN attempt to represent the late President as a weak and ductile man, readily moulded to the purposes of others, will necessarily fail. General GARFIELD was a man of equable temperament, and of a singularly conciliatory disposition. In the debates of Congress he never insulted his opponents. He was always just to them. He never cultivated the cheap notoriety of sneering retort, and he was both respected and liked by those from whom he radically differed. Sometimes, indeed, his urbanity and reluctance to make trouble gave his conduct an air of too great amiability and deference. But if any one will turn to the story of his life, and read it in the light of the eighty days during which he faced death with unparalleled calmness and cheerful courage, he will see that as a boy working for his living, as a student, a teacher, a lawyer, a soldier, a Representative in Congress, GARFIELD was especially distinguished by the ability to stand alone. He did not seek the opportunity, but when it presented itself he was its master. "I shall not cross the street to fight," he said; "but if a man hustles me on the sidewalk, I shall see about it."

President GARFIELD, like his predecessor, had no sympathy with party "bosses" and "machines." But "bosses" and "machines" had great power in his party, and he knew that a contest with them was inevitable. They were sure to attempt to control his administration, and he was equally sure to assert the rightful, constitutional Executive authority. But he was sure to do more. A sagacious, courageous, and self-possessed man, he would precipitate the contest when and where and how he chose, and he would not allow the opponent to select either the time or the place. He knew, of course, that the enemy, enraged by his superior address, would denounce him for forcing a fight; that is to say, for not waiting to receive their assault when they were ready to deliver it. He knew that he would be derided as a tool and agent of others. Had he been the kind of man that his enemies allege, he would have recoiled from the certainty of this retort. But he had long seen, and no man had more unequivocally said, that the Executive power and balance in the government were dangerously threatened by the spoils system which breeds "bosses." In his judgment, specific administrative reform was impossible until the essential obstruction, that is, the usurpation of the Executive power, was removed. He decided, therefore, to take a step which would bring the contest to a point, and under circumstances which would expose its significance to the whole country. That step was the change in the New York Collectorship.

This involved the removal of an efficient officer, and it was so far in open conflict with sound principles. It drew upon the President at once the pained censure of his friends and the gleeful taunts of the spoils crew, both of which he had anticipated. But GARFIELD, having renewed the "Stalwart" New York nominations made by his predecessor, felt that it was a political necessity to define his position unequivocally as not hostile to any wing of his party, and least of all to his own especial friends. He decided that, having pleased the "Stalwarts," and proved his conciliatory disposition, he would by a single act show that he had not changed his sympathies nor surrendered to "bosses," and throw upon the "boss" interest the responsibility of beginning "a war," if a war there must be. The "boss" interest immediately attempted the practical overthrow of the Executive authority. But GARFIELD unhesitatingly, and under the censure of those who did not see that his purpose was to maintain his constitutional right, at once withdrew every New York nomination but the one which the "bosses" challenged; and the Senate, fortunately adhering to the Constitution, sustained him, and the "boss" power was for that time utterly and ignominiously prostrated. In much of this action many reform Republicans were not in accord with the President. This journal thought the withdrawal a mistake. But we are now inclined to think that it was the wise course. In any view, however, the endeavor to represent the man who in quiet and cheerful self-reliance and acknowledged sagacity had passed from the canal path to the White House, standing alone at Chickamauga against the advice of the military council, alone in Congress against his own party, alone in his State against his constituency, but conquering them all, and finally fronting death every minute from July to September with unquailing gentleness—the endeavor to represent this man as a pudgy puppet in the manipulating fingers of others is one of the most ludicrous enterprises in our political history.

THE SPUYTEN DUYVIL WARNING.

THE 13th of January is a sad day in the annals of New York travel. It was upon the evening of that day, forty-two years ago, that the steamer *Lexington* was burned in Long Island Sound on her way to Stonington. Among the victims were Dr. FOLLEN and HENRY J. FINN, the charming comedian. At the same time upon the same day this year the catastrophe of the Hudson River Railroad train at Spuyten Duyvil occurred. Before this paper is issued, the inquest will have been held, and the facts in detail may have been made more clear, and the personal responsibility for the loss of life more accurately determined. But nothing can be more impressive and startling than the simple facts that a long train of a dozen cars, drawn by two locomotives, was stopped irregularly upon a curve; that another train was known to be approaching upon the same track, which would arrive upon the spot occupied by the stationary train within ten or fifteen minutes; that it did arrive, crashed into the stationary train, and that amid unspeakable horrors of suffering eight persons were destroyed. The simple statement of the truth is the conclusive evidence of a carelessness criminal beyond belief. It remains to be proved precisely whose carelessness it was, and whether there is any penalty for it but the moral indignation of the community.

The Hudson River Railway Company is one of the largest and richest in the country. Its travel and traffic are enormous. It is intrusted at every hour of the day and night with the care of hundreds of human lives and vast amounts of property. Its revenues are immense. It is morally bound, therefore, scrupulously to provide every means of safety which reason suggests, and skill furnishes, and experience approves, and money can procure. Any failure to take this care at any point is a crime. Was it taken at every point by this company? That is the question which the speechless anguish of living friends, and the charred and mangled bodies of the victims, and the unanimous feeling of every one who reads the story of the disaster, force upon the public mind. Was there, as there should have been, one man responsible for the safety of the train? Was it made by the company his duty personally to know, not to suppose and take for granted, that when the train stopped irregularly, due warning was given to the train known to be approaching? Did he perform that duty, and personally assure himself that such warning had been given, and that every life in his charge was as secure as it was his duty to make it? Had the company provided the most approved method of signals? Were there pails and axes and obvious aids of escape? Were the connections of the cars such as to guard, so far as possible, against "telescoping"? Were there stoves in the cars, sure to be thrown down by a sharp concussion, and equally sure at once to obstruct the doors and to kindle the varnished wood-work of the cars into a flame? Were the cars lighted by candles or by some inflammable material which would instantly increase the danger resulting from a severe shock? Were the windows of the cars so adjusted as to open easily and widely, or could they be raised for a few inches only, so that with the stoves blocking the doors, and the coals and broken lamps feeding the flames, no escape was possible except by breaking with the hands or feet heavy plate-glass? All these are questions that must be satisfactorily answered in order to relieve the company itself of the direct responsibility for the late calamity.

If, as stated in the reports of remarks of official persons on the following morning, the only official provision for the safety of a train irregularly stopped was an instruction to the rear brakeman instantly to go to the rear with a red lantern, the company proves itself to be wholly unfit for its responsibility. If this were the only system of signaling under such circumstances, and if the conductor was not bound by his orders to see that even this signal was certainly sent back, then the company exposed hundreds of human lives to the chance that a brakeman, himself secure, would take the risk of being left in the night upon the track in order to stop an approaching train. In point of fact the brakeman in this instance admits that he did not go to the rear more than two or three lengths of the train, while passengers upon the train saw him, just before the collision, close by the train, and their testimony is confirmed by that of the engineer of the colliding train. It is undoubtedly true that dependence must be placed upon some one. But does it follow that the safety of three or four hundred passengers must be left to the chance of a rear brakeman, under the circumstances, giving adequate warning? The *Sun* very properly suggests that, like a ship, every train should have a captain, to be called conductor or whatever name may be preferred, who should have no more to do with collecting fares than the captain of a steamer, but who should be held personally responsible for the safety of the train, and required personally to see that every man on the train did his whole duty. Heating cars by stoves, immovable windows, and lighting by dangerous materials should be rigorously prohibited. The Governor of the State has called the attention of the Legislature to the subject in a forcible message; and if passengers would follow the good example of English travellers, and write to the papers when they observe abuses and remediable dangers, they would do a public service, and remind the great companies that they are properly public servants. The terrible catastrophe at Spuyten Duyvil was a wanton massacre. The collision was entirely avoidable. So far as now appears, there was no proper system of signals, no telegraphing, no means whatever of preventing a collision but a brakeman with a red lantern, acting at his own discretion. The calamity was apparently due not so much to a man who was untrustworthy as to a company which ought reasonably to have known that a rear brakeman under such circumstances probably would be untrustworthy.

AN UNPLEASANT RUMOR.

THE recent rumor that Mr. SARGENT, of California, might be appointed Secretary of the Interior produced so energetic a protest from the press of both parties that, if the appointment had been intended, there has been apparently a reconsideration of the Executive purpose. Up to the time, at least, of our going to press, the nomination has not been made. It is not easy to understand how the rumor should have arisen except from some intimation of the Executive intention; but it is equally difficult to understand the reason of such an intention. It would be impossible, it seems to us, to suggest a single good reason for the appointment. Mr. SARGENT is not known to have any especial fitness of administrative ability or of peculiar knowledge or training for the office. He is not a leader of his party, and he is not an accepted representative of the State in which he resides; nor has he that general standing and eminence in the country which, without particular training, or aptitude, or local consideration, makes such an appointment satisfactory.

Moreover, any person called to the head of a great administrative department should be free not only from proved offense, but from enveloping clouds of scandal and suspicion, which cling to some persons as fogs cling to moist places. ALEXANDER HAMILTON felt the mere suggestion of irregularity in his official character to be so intolerable that, to disprove it conclusively, he frankly confessed other irregularities which did not involve his public conduct. All the unpleasant stories about Mr. SARGENT'S public career may be susceptible of satisfactory explanation. The scandals of the Navy Pay Office, in San Francisco, and the statements in regard to it made before the investigating committee at the Kittery Navy-yard; the trick of the "tape-worm tickets," as they were called, which resulted in a law requiring uniform ballots; the mysteries of the Desert Land Act; the advocacy of the gift of Goat Island, in the harbor of San Francisco, to the Central Pacific Railroad, for which he was burned in effigy—all these things may be explained. But what public necessity can there be for calling into the cabinet a gentleman for whom such explanations will be imperatively required, and of whose public career these are the only incidents which are remembered?

Undoubtedly many eminent public men are slandered; undoubtedly personal accusations and insinuations are too much the staple of party contentions. But it does not follow from this that all charges against public men are calumnies, and that BURR must be innocent because JEFFERSON is not guilty. There is a certain reputation which attaches to some public men which can not be wisely disregarded. It should guide the action of a President as the appearance of nepotism should guide it, or the receipt of gifts. A President may know his brother, or his son, or his nephew, to be fitted for a place, but if he be of the mind of WASHINGTON he will not appoint him to it. A President may receive gifts and withstand the givers, but a wise President will decline with thanks. The appointment that we are considering may be made before this paper is issued. But the President is of course aware that he is justly judged by his cabinet. His action will have long and far-reaching results. Whether he has decided to know no faction or to lead one, he can hardly fail to find the fulfillment of his reported intention to be a very grave mistake. Even the *Herald*, which has been his most resolute defender, tells the President plainly that such a step would be exceedingly unfortunate.

THE LOST ARCTIC MARINERS.

THE thoughts of thousands of persons must turn very often to the survivors of the *Jeannette*, and a very interesting letter to the *Herald* from an old Siberian traveller, Mr. GEORGE KENNAN, gives a valuable summary of the present situation. It will be remem-

bered that the engineer, MELVILLE, and the master, DANENHOWER, with a party in a whale-boat, and Lieutenant DE LONG, with another party in a cutter, had reached the mouth of the Lena, while Lieutenant CHIPP and his party, in a second cutter, had not been heard of. MELVILLE and DANENHOWER pushed up the river to a settlement called Bolenenga. This they reached forty-two days after landing, and to Bolenenga on the 29th of October came two of DE LONG'S men, NORAS and NINDERMANN. A party was at once fitted out to go to the relief of DE LONG. After its departure from Bolenenga, DANENHOWER, with five men of the whale-boat's crew, apparently started for St. Petersburg, which is more than seven thousand miles distant, and the journey one of the longest land journeys upon the globe. On the 12th of January the *Telegraph* announced the arrival of DANENHOWER at Yakutsk, which is 2342 miles from Irkutsk, which is more than 4000 miles from St. Petersburg. Engineer MELVILLE, with the other six men of the whale-boat's crew, was expected to arrive at Yakutsk at any moment. Lieutenant DE LONG, with the first cutter's crew, and Lieutenant CHIPP, of the second cutter, are still missing. The mouth of the Lena has been abandoned by all the crew of the *Jeannette* who are known to have reached the land. The question is of the safety of Lieutenant CHIPP and his company, of whom nothing has been heard, and of the probable ability of Lieutenant DE LONG and his party to sustain themselves until succored.

Mr. KENNAN'S description of the desolate wastes of arctic Siberia is very striking. For hundreds of miles from the frozen ocean stretches a bare plain of frozen land. The summer thaws the surface for two or three feet, making a thin veneer of soil, on which is a rank growth of gray arctic moss, in which a man sinks to his knees, forming for thousands of square miles a vast spongy bog. There are infrequent clumps of dwarf berry bushes, or hummocks of coarse grass, or patches of frost-defying "kedrovnik." But generally the eye sweeps the vast brownish-gray expanse of the *tundra*, or limitless plain, and sees nothing but the sky and the moss.

For food DE LONG and his party must depend upon the birds and animals of the coast. These are seals and the white bear, with the reindeer, wolf, and polar fox, the arctic hare, the lemming, and the ptarmigan, or white grouse. But the main reliance must be the white hare and ptarmigan. At the worst, boiled reindeer moss would probably sustain life for a short time. Shelter and fire would be furnished by the drift-wood which always comes down the Lena in the warmer season, and is strewn all along its shores. It is pleasant to read that Mr. KENNAN is inclined to the belief that, unless disabled by frost-bites, the DE LONG party will probably survive, and that although as yet Lieutenant CHIPP has not been heard from, it is not unlikely that, like the others, he and his party may have reached the mouth of the Lena, and be engaged in the effort to open communication with their comrades. The United States government assumed the expense of maintaining the wrecked men and bringing them home; and the Russian General IGNATIEFF has directed the Siberian authorities to supply all their wants. Mr. BENNETT has also advanced money, and no care of any kind will be spared. No tidings can be more anxiously awaited than those from these lost mariners.

AN ENGINEER CASTE.

IT is, of course, a painful thought that America should have virtually no merchant navy except the small vessels engaged in the coasting trade, but we may be somewhat reconciled to this state of things by reflecting that were American steamers gradually to take the place of the British steamers that now almost monopolize our carrying trade with Europe, it is only too probable that the aristocratic British system of appointing engineers would be advocated, and perhaps adopted, by our *doctrinaire* ship-owners.

The position of engineer on board an ocean steamer is an important one. The chief engineer has half a dozen assistant engineers under him, and can give employment to many more firemen and coal-passers. Under the English system, no man can be an engineer of any grade who can not pass an examination demonstrating that he has sufficient knowledge of a steam-engine to manage it, or to repair it in case it should get out of order. When a man receives his certificate, and obtains an engineer's berth, it is understood that he is to hold it during good behavior, provided, of course, that the company which employs him does not retire from business. It need hardly be pointed out that this system is utterly repugnant to the spirit of American institutions, and ought not to be adopted on board American ships.

As can be seen at a glance, the practice of permitting engineers to hold their positions as long as they are efficient creates an engineer caste. The honest, hard-working man who wants to be an engineer, and who does not happen to know anything about steam, and has never seen a steam-engine, is forbidden the opportunity to earn his bread as an engineer, while a privileged class of men who hold certain certificates, and who have passed certain examinations, fill the engine-rooms of steamers. Who shall say that these privileged persons are better men than the honest farmers and political workers who may not happen to have the knowledge that is arbitrarily made a prerequisite to admission to the engine-room? A system which establishes a caste of engineers, holding offices so long as they show themselves competent, and in no way responsible to steamer passengers or to the general public, may not be out of place in the monarchical English marine, but it ought not to be tolerated for a moment under the free American flag.

When we have ocean steamers of our own, we must insist that the engineers shall be appointed in accordance with a system not only American, but thoroughly practical. The positions of chief engineer and assistant engineer should be given to men who have fairly earned them by their devotion to the interests of American shipping in general, and to the particular steam-ship company in whose employment they may be. There are the agents who obtain freight for steamers, or who induce passengers to patronize them, the men by whose influence subsidies are obtained from Congress, and the men who have assisted the directors to obtain their positions. These men deserve to be rewarded, and honesty and fair-dealing require that their applications for positions in the engine-room should receive attention in preference to those made by any other men. The appointment of all engineers and assistant engineers should of course be made by the manager of each steam-ship company, but he should consult the directors before making any appointments, and as a matter of courtesy should allow each director the right of disposing of a certain number of appointments.

How long engineers should hold their positions is a question which need not be decided at present. It is evident, however, that the American principle of rotation in office should be applied to engineers as well as to officers of the Federal civil service, for this is the only way to prevent the growth of an engineer caste, and to give to every American citizen the chance of becoming an engineer. In every steam-ship company the directors are elected annually, and whenever a new board of directors is chosen, it would be proper to make an entire change in the *personnel* of the engineer department. When, however, the same directors are re-elected year by year, it would be necessary to adopt a rule fixing the limit during which a man may hold a position as chief engineer or as an assistant engineer, and this limit certainly ought not to extend beyond four years at the furthest.

It may seem rather premature to discuss this matter before our new American merchant marine is in existence, but the same pestilent faction which has attacked our system of civil service appointments, and sought to substitute for it a system of competitive examinations, and to foster the growth of an office-holding caste, will undoubtedly insist that the English system of appointing steam-ship engineers shall be adopted by American steam-ship companies, and it is therefore well to expose the fallacy of their reasoning even at this early day.

CHARLES READE.

MR. READE has happily returned to literary activity with a characteristic story which we publish to-day in other columns, and which will be gladly welcomed by the large body of readers who began reading him with *Christie Johnson*, and by the other multitude who have joined the army of his admirers since that day. The present story is complete, and is to be followed by others; and Mr. READE'S name is of itself the promise and the security of a crisp, brilliant, and fascinating series.

NEW STREET LETTER-BOXES.

A PROVIDENCE paper remarks that all improvements in the details of the postal service seem to proceed from the New York Post-office. However that may be, it is certainly true that the New York Post-office is never weary of well-doing. It has made the valuable discovery that there is honorable credit in public work well done.

The latest improvement is the new system of street boxes. The trouble with the old boxes has been that if the carrier were negligent, and omitted to collect from any of them, there was no practicable remedy, for the reason that it was not easy to determine the responsibility. Upon each new box will be posted a card stating the hours of collection, and when the letters are due at the central office. There will be also a movable card with the hour for the next collection. This will be replaced by the carrier, when he takes the letters, with another indicating the next following collection. The card that he removes will be presented by him at the central office as proof that he has made due collection.

This is a patented invention by THOMAS B. LOWERRE, and should it work well in New York, it is very sure to be adopted in other cities. Such improvements, and the general excellence of the administration of the New York Post-office, are due to a system of transacting the public business upon business principles, which naturally stimulates public officers to devotion to their public duties, instead of to affairs wholly foreign to those duties.

THE PANAMA CONGRESS.

THE late direction of public attention to South America, and the reported proposition of the late Secretary of State for a Congress of the American republics, has recalled the Panama Congress of nearly sixty years ago. This Congress was suggested by BOLIVAR, in 1825, when he was at the head of the republic of Colombia. Its object was to provide for combined defense against possible European aggression. In December, 1825, President JOHN QUINCY ADAMS confidentially recommended to the Senate the appointment of envoys to the Congress from the United States, and he nominated as such envoys JOHN SERGEANT, of Pennsylvania, and R. C. ANDERSON, then Minister to Colombia.

On the 26th of January, 1826, the Committee on Foreign Relations reported against the mission, and declared it inexpedient to send commissioners. Resolutions were adopted, which Mr. ADAMS attributed to Mr. VAN BUREN, declaring that the expediency of the mission ought to be discussed in open session, and asking the President to specify any documents or any parts of documents whose publication in such debate would prejudice pending negotiations. The President replied that all his communications upon the subject had been confidential, and that the Senate must decide the question of publicity.

The adverse report was rejected by a vote of 24 to 19. The nominations were confirmed, and after a hot discussion the House made the necessary appropriations by a vote of 133 to 61. But the long debate prevented the departure of Mr. SERGEANT in time to attend the Congress at Panama, and Mr. ANDERSON died upon the way thither, so that the United States were unrepresented. The Congress was composed of delegates from Colombia, Peru, Central America, and Mexico. It assembled on the 22d of June, 1826, and adjourned on the 15th of July, having formed a league to which unrepresented states might adhere within the year. No other session was held, and it was without practical results.

PERSONAL.

THE late JAMES T. FIELDS was a warm friend of CHARLES SPRAGUE, who one day told him this incident relating to the composition of his fine SHAKSPEARE ode. Mr. FIELDS had mentioned one passage which he thought especially good—the one descriptive of the murder. "Ah," said Mr. SPRAGUE, "how well I remember the day I wrote that! I was keeping a grocer's shop on Tremont Row at the time. It was a cold, stormy winter's day, and I was alone in the shop, sitting over a sheet-iron stove. I had just reached this passage, and was hoping nobody would come in, when a man opened the door and asked for a quart of train-oil. Well, sir, I filled his vessel for him, and handed it back, and then, my hands reeking with train-oil, I finished that passage."

—MEISSONIER is to squander his time—a week, perhaps—in painting a miniature of Mrs. MACKAY, for which he will receive 80,000 francs—about $16,000. At a much smaller rate than this his income would be over $500,000 a year. MEISSONIER himself is a very little man. In his vast atelier he looks a dwarfish necromancer. The nose is aquiline, long, and dips at the end. A mustache hides the mouth, and the chin is covered by a swallow-tailed beard, which ends below the nethermost limit of the waistcoat. Very wide, square shoulders support the head. A short body rests on shorter legs, which are of spindle thickness. The whole face and figure express decision, assurance, and originality pushed to the verge of eccentricity. MEISSONIER speaks English with deliberate accentuation. An utter stranger to the curious little artist would be wanting in penetration if he failed to divine in him some sort of greatness.

—They tell a good anecdote of Attorney-General BREWSTER. He was on the floor of the House the other day before the body convened, and was ordered away by a door-keeper. "But I am Mr. BREWSTER, Attorney-General," said he. "I have only your word for it," answered the irate official; "that old trick won't work here." "Well," said Mr. BREWSTER, meekly, "if I am violating the rules, I will retire." A Congressman appeared at that moment, who recognized the new cabinet officer, and he was allowed to remain.

—Postmaster-General HOWE, when a judge in Wisconsin, tried a case for murder in which the defense was insanity. In speaking of conscience, and its duties in governing the actions, Judge HOWE said: "If driven from its post by general aberration or smothered there by strong delusion, accountability ceases, but not till then; and I am unwilling a doctrine should prevail under sanction of which every petty offender may fancy he is sick, and every unmitigated villain is dignified into a maniac."

—Lord and Lady DUFFERIN keep up at Constantinople the amusement of private theatricals and poetical tableaux which they introduced into the court circles in Canada. Their daughter, Lady HELEN BLACKWOOD, and her brother TERENCE, lately appeared in a living copy of the well-known picture of "Spring," representing a charming pair in a swing. When the curtain was lifted a hidden singer softly sang GOUNOD'S "Printemps." The young BLACKWOODS have all their mother's grace and beauty.

—The grandson of HORACE BINNEY occupies the same room at Harvard College which his famous grandfather occupied seventy years ago, and many of the old books and pictures are back in their places after an absence of threescore years and ten.

—Mr. CYRUS H. MCCORMICK has given another $50,000 to the Presbyterian Theological Seminary in Chicago, making a total of $200,000 he has given to that institution.

—HAMLET D. SCRANTON, ex-Mayor of Rochester, who died in that city a few days since, was for nearly half a century one of its most prominent and universally esteemed—we might say beloved—citizens. Everybody liked him. A more sunny-tempered man could scarcely be found. As a banker, as Chief Magistrate of the city, as a man, he was always held in the highest esteem.

—Herr AUGUST GÖTTEL, a partner in a New York banking firm, and largely interested in California mines, lives in a quiet bachelor fashion in Vienna, where his charities are very large. He has given $50,000 to the sufferers by the Vienna fire, as a thank-offering for his preservation. He had arranged to go to the Ring Theatre on the night of the fire, but was prevented at the last moment by an apparently small accident.

—Our lady readers may be interested to know that the Overseers of Harvard College have recommended the acceptance by the president and fellows of a fund the income of which shall be ultimately used for the medical education of women.

—ARCHIBALD FORBES is having a great success in his present lecture tour. At Hartford he was listened to by a crowded audience, including the Governor and all the chief dignitaries of the State. And his stay there was pleasantly rounded off by a fine dinner given to him by Ex-Governor JEWELL.

—Minister LOWELL has lately been portraited by Mrs. ANNA LEA MERRITT, an American artist, who has achieved a success in London. He is represented as wearing the red robe which custom required him to wear at Oxford when receiving his honorary degree.

—Cardinal HOWARD, who has just been elevated by the Pope to the dignity of Arch-Priest of St. Peter's, is a man of superb personal presence. In youth he was an officer in the Life-Guards, and led the procession at the funeral of the Duke of Wellington. The Pope has also promoted Vicar-Generals QUIN and PRESTON, of this city, to be Domestic Prelates of the Papal Household.

—The will of HARRIS M. BALDWIN, of Newark, New Jersey, was probated on the 16th inst., by which he bequeathed $10,000 to the American Baptist Missionary Society, $10,000 to Hamilton (New York) Theological Seminary, $10,000 to Rochester Theological Seminary, $5000 to the South Baptist Church of Newark, $5000 to the American Baptist Home Missionary Society, and $5500 to other religious institutions connected with the Baptist Church.

—EDMUND YATES, in a recent number of the London *World*, published an interesting sketch of Mr. WHITELAW REID, a portion of which we reproduced last week. The concluding paragraph of the sketch mentions that while Mr. REID was on his recent bridal tour in Europe, "the editorial charge of the *Tribune* was intrusted to Colonel JOHN HAY, who has served his country in various diplomatic posts all over Europe. One day he came to Mr. REID, and showing him some verses, said, 'Just look over these; of course you can not print them.' The editor was not quite certain, but he had them put in type. And then he paused, as well he might, for the verses were headed 'Little Breeches.' When they appeared at last in the *Tribune*, their success was astonishing. People in the cars pulled the cutting out of their pockets, and passed it from hand to hand. Then came 'Jim Bludso,' and the rest of the 'Pike County Ballads,' and Colonel HAY went off to Europe on another diplomatic mission."

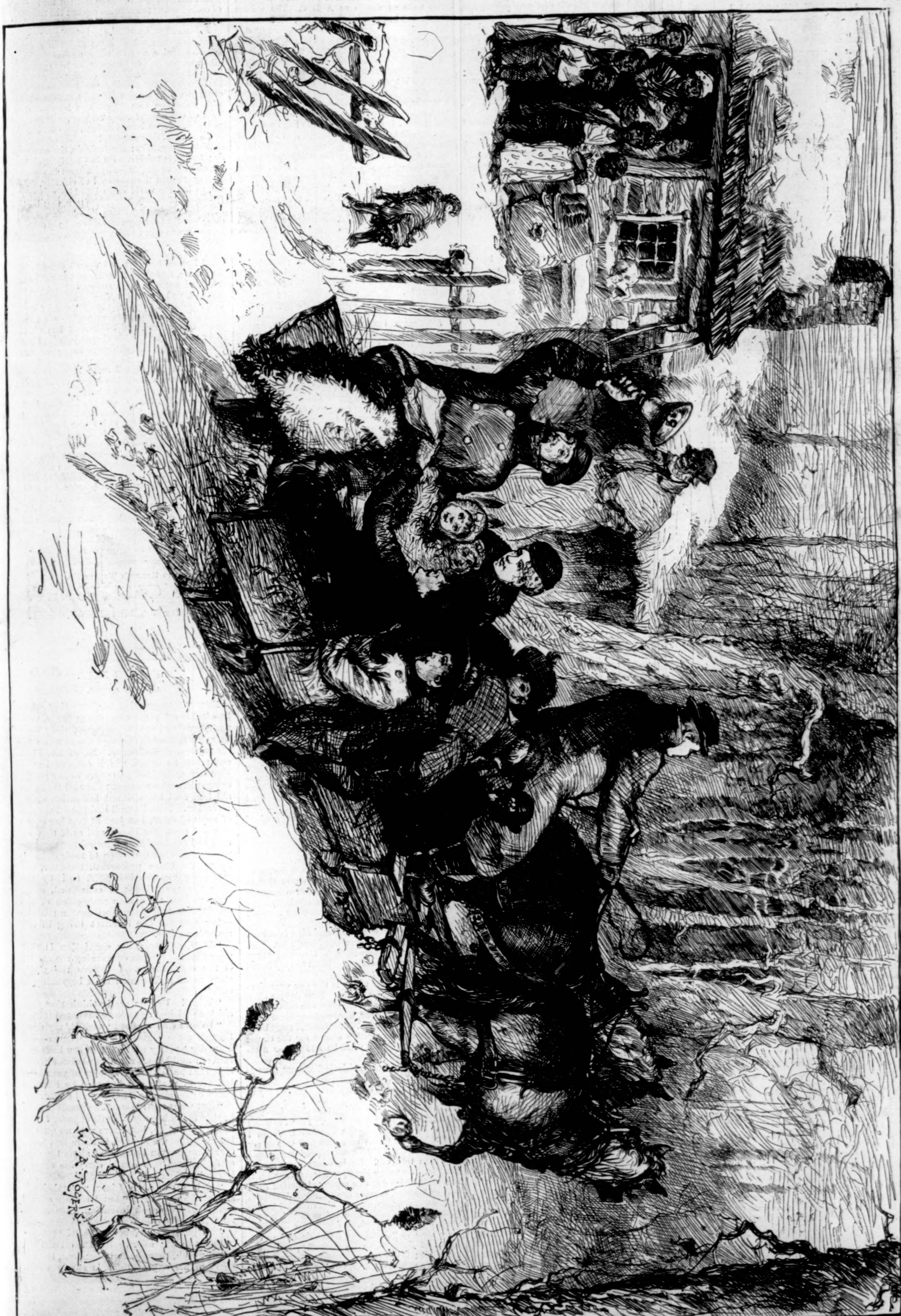
THE MOUTH OF ONE OF THE SHAFTS.

WORKING THE STEAM-SHOVELS.

CUTTING A FACE FOR THE EASTERN APPROACH, HUDSON RIVER END.

TUNNELLING THE PALISADES AT WEEHAWKEN, NEW JERSEY.—From Sketches by S. F. Yeager.—[See Page 55.]

"AN EVICTION."—From the Picture by E. Caldwell.



A "STRAW" RIDE IN OHIO.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1307, Vol. XXVI.]

RESURGO.

A COMEDY BY "OUIDA."

Cloth of gold, do not despise
To match thyself with cloth of frieze.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Philip Dormer, *Earl L'Estrange.*
Marquis of Ipswich (*son of the Duke of Lowestoft*).
Principe Carlo Sanfriano.
Aldred Dorian.
Duca di Montelupo.
Claire, *Madame Glyon.*
Laura, *Principessa Sanfriano.*
Lady Cowes.
Countess of St. Asaph.
Marchesa Zanzini.
Other minor persons.

Scene IV.

Salons in Palazzo Sanfriano.

Present: the Princess, Mme. Glyon, L'Estrange, Ipswich, Marchesa Zanzini. *A bric-à-brac seller is showing ivories, carvings, stuffs, and a triptych.*

L'Estrange (*giving him back an ivory nestkèe*). Mr. Brown, this is no more Japanese than I am. Don't you know that the Japanese take ten years of their lives to carve a lady-bird on a rose leaf? This is Dutch work, and very coarse work even for Dutch. Have you never learned the A B C of your commerce, Mr. Brown?

Princess. You shouldn't be so hard on the poor creature. He admits he is obliged to keep a heap of rubbish to satisfy the Americani.

L'Estrange. Satisfaction is the antithesis of my emotions in surveying his treasures. May I ask why you have this mountain of fraud in your presence?

Princess. Why, surely I told you. I am going to wear a Venetian page's dress at the Malatesta ball, and I wanted an old Italian dagger, and he brought me one. *This* is genuine?

L'Estrange. Have you bought it?

Princess. Certainly. Oh, good gracious! isn't it right?

L'Estrange. Perhaps it is not worth while telling you, and yet you *must not* be seen with it. It is German work; it was made at Berlin last week. Even were it old, it would be of no use to you. You want a Venetian poniard or stiletto; this is copied from a French *miséricorde* of the Valois time.

Princess. Oh dear! and I have given five hundred francs for it.

L'Estrange. It is worth fifteen. Send the impostor away, and when you buy things, do ask some one who knows. It is ignorance that allows these people to flood the world with anachronisms and counterfeits.

Princess. Well, I confess if a thing's pretty, I don't mind much who made it. Now I shall have to roam all over the place looking for a poniard. You have been very cruel. Nobody would have noticed—

L'Estrange. I will get you what you ought to have, if it be in Rome; and if not, I will telegraph home. I have a collection of daggers, and there are some of the Cinque-cento amongst them.

Princess. Too charming of you. Of what haven't you a collection at home?

L'Estrange. Not of Dutch *nestkèes*.

Marchesa. I have got at home the *daga* with which Cesare Borgia had my forefather killed, after a banquet, on Quattro Capi bridge, one nice dark night. When they took him home it was between his shoulder-blades: he dead. If you will like, Princess, I lend it you with pleasure. It is the right epoch.

Princess. Oh, dear Marchesa, you are so kind! But if it murdered a man, it would be unpleasant to wear it.

Marchesa. Pooh! They must all have murdered many mens if they are real daggers. How you look! And you think nothing of staring at the stipple-chase out at Albano, when young Stanhope he kill himself.

Ipswich. But that was *fair*, Marchesa. Stanhope pitched on his head: who could help it?

Marchesa. Ah, your distinctions too subtle for my simplicity. You think nothing of killing if it done in sport; me, I think more excuse for it when it done in passion. But I go to see their comedietta at Barberini. You come with me, my dear; you improve my English; your own is so choice.

Ipswich. I come. But hang it, Marchesa, one can't talk like old Johnson.

Marchesa. Why not? We talk like Dante.

Ipswich. You see, one can't be chaffed.

Marchesa. Chaff? that mean to tease, to insult, to jeer, to grin. No, we not do that to one another. Where is there wit in rudeness?

[*Exeunt* Marchesa *and* Ipswich.

[Princess *takes the tradesman apart to look at his stuffs;* L'Estrange *approaches* Mme. Glyon.

L'Estrange. You were sketching in the Cimontanara this morning? You go often?

Mme. Glyon. Yes; it is beautiful there, looking out to the San Giovanni gate.

L'Estrange. Can one come?

Mme. Glyon. No; you must be a friend of the owner. I believe there is one day in the week when anybody may go.

L'Estrange. I certainly do not covet that one day in the week. Mme. Glyon, you are very frigid always, but I want you to thaw to me enough to tell me why last week in Dorian's atelier you told me you had heard I was capricious. What common friend have we who so thoroughly carries out the modern theories of friendship as to malign me thus?

Mme. Glyon (*hesitates*). I know no friend of yours. I am not in the world.

L'Estrange. Then, if it were your own fancy only, what made you think so?

Mme. Glyon (*lifts her head and looks at him coldly*). The story of your marriage is common property. I have heard it like every one else. If you find me too intrusive on your private life, do not blame me—*vous l'avez voulu.*

L'Estrange (*is silent a moment, and annoyed*). Yes; certainly that very old, old story of a folly is common property. But I should not have supposed that any one had remembered so mere an episode, and one so long ago.

Mme. Glyon. An episode! I heard it was a tragedy.

L'Estrange. Who can have talked to you about it? Ipswich?

Mme. Glyon. Oh no! I heard it—once—very long ago, as you say.

L'Estrange. A stupidity in one's life is never pardoned. A thousand crimes are easily enough forgotten and forgiven. So it is this silly tale that has prejudiced you against me? I dare say you actually believe me a modern edition of Bluebeard?

Mme. Glyon. It does not seem to me the sort of past that one would expect a man to jest at. I do not presume to judge you; but, as I say, the tale gave me an impression of both caprice and cruelty.

L'Estrange (*angrily*). I have neither in my character. That I can declare with a clear conscience. I have no illusions about myself, nor do I claim any especial superiority of temper; but this I can say honestly, I am incapable of cruelty to any living creature. I am even that miracle, an Englishman who hates a gun!

Mme. Glyon. I did not say you shot your wife.

L'Estrange (*with a little laugh*). Madame, I am your debtor that you acquit me even of that much. My wife—well, yes, she was my wife, certainly; but, good heavens! if I could tell you how impossible it seems to me that such a passage can ever have occurred in *my* life! I feel convinced that I must have read it in some novel, seen it on some stage, and had a nightmare, dreaming the history was mine.

Mme. Glyon. I suppose it was all so very long ago—you have forgotten?

L'Estrange. No; it is not the sort of episode that one forgets.

Mme. Glyon. You are very fond of the word "episode."

L'Estrange. It seems to me to describe correctly the short period in my life of which we are now talking. It was an episode; it was not more—it was an episode of unutterable folly, infatuation, disillusion, pain, and repentance.

Mme. Glyon. Repentance? It seems to sit lightly on you.

L'Estrange. I mean repentance of a foolish and hasty action which made me very absurd in the world's eyes, and caused an amount of comment, misrepresentation, and interference on the world's part such as I am the last man upon earth to endure with tolerance.

Mme. Glyon. I beg your pardon. I fancied you meant repentance for your injury of a girl's life.

L'Estrange. Madame! That is really too preposterous. What injury could I do the poor child? I injured myself, if you will.

Mme. Glyon. I thought you married her? That is what I always heard.

L'Estrange. Well, I married her! Where is the injury there? I could have done no more for a duke's daughter, for a crown princess. It is that which was my intolerable idiocy! my absolute madness! Looking back, I can not conceive—

Mme. Glyon. Is it so very long ago?

L'Estrange. Ten years, eleven, twelve—it is not the length of time, it is the strange delusions which possessed me, which make it seem impossible to me I ever was the man laughed at by all Europe for presenting at an English Drawing-room a French peasant's daughter.

Mme. Glyon. Did this peasant do anything very strange at the Drawing-room?

L'Estrange. Strange? No; not that I remember. She was shy and stupid, of course, like a little sheep; but I think my mother hustled her through without accident; only when the Queen spoke to her she answered—I suppose from sheer force of habit—"*Merci, ma bonne dame!*"

Mme. Glyon (*with a cold smile*). You should have sent her to Tower Hill for treason.

L'Estrange. You are pleased to laugh; I can assure you it is no laughing matter to have such a joke as that against the woman who bears your name running like wildfire through all the clubs of London.

Mme. Glyon. Position seems to bring with it strange pusillanimity. Were I a man, I should not be a coward.

L'Estrange. A coward! It is no question of cowardice. It is the sense of being made ridiculous.

Mme. Glyon. Pray what is that but cowardice? I hardly see what there was to be so very ashamed of. Your wife was a little peasant—every one knew that. It was not wonderful in so strange a scene, so bewildering a crowd as a royal reception must have seemed to her, that words which she no doubt had been taught by her own people to say as the most perfect phrase of courtesy, came to her tongue before the Queen. Lord L'Estrange, I am a Frenchwoman, and not of the highest classes myself. You will pardon me if my sympathies are rather with your wife than with yourself. If the poor little simple "*Merci, ma bonne dame!*" was all your wrongs, I think—

L'Estrange. Wrongs! What wrongs can an innocent and harmless child do one? She never wronged me, but she did worse! At every turn she irritated me, annoyed me, confused me before my friends, made me look like a fool—as the vulgar phrase runs. She was as lovely as the morning, but as ignorant as the little swine she had been used to drive to find the truffles. At every moment of intercourse I was met by that blank wall of absolute ignorance; she understood nothing that I said or that I alluded to; my dog comprehended better the topics of the day. She made grotesque mistakes in every-day etiquettes that were as simple as A B C. The women laughed at her and laughed at me, till I was beside myself. When I tried to teach her or correct her, she cried out that I had ceased to love her, and sobbed for hours. I wrote her little notes as to the things she ought to know or do, and she thought those more cruel than spoken words. What was I to do? I did what seemed to me most simple and best for both; I arranged a tour in India for myself, and sent her to a convent at Paris to be educated. The issue was terrible; but I have never seen that I did anything so very cruel. I repeat I thought that she would be wise, and learn the sort of learning without which a woman is a laughing-stock for society, and—and—well, you know she took it in another light, poor creature! and—

Mme. Glyon. She died. It was very stupid.

L'Estrange (*angrily*). You are very unjust to me. I meant neither to injure nor desert her. It was impossible that I could imagine so simple an arrangement for her welfare would be taken to heart in so tragic a manner. I was neither faithless nor heartless. It seems to me that I only did a most natural thing in placing her where she could learn and unlearn, and where she could be made able to hold her own in the world we lived in.

Mme. Glyon. Oh, no doubt it was very natural. I believe most egotism is so.

L'Estrange. How was it egotism? It was for the poor child's own good.

Mme. Glyon. Oh, of course; only it seems that she was too stupid to appreciate it. You know women are foolish; they expect love to endure; they are ready to sacrifice themselves, and so fancy men will do the same. They are tragic, as you say, and take things *au grand sérieux.* Of course your wife ought to have appreciated your excellent intentions, and understood your susceptibilities, which she was so perpetually and unconsciously outraging. She should have had no such false sentiment as her own pride and her own affections. I quite see from your point of view that she must have been irritating and wearisome—most irritating, most wearisome. But why would you marry her?

L'Estrange. She was very beautiful, and I—I have said I was foolish to an incomprehensible degree, and I had at the time all sorts of romantic notions as to my wife being unspotted by the world, and moulded to my hand, and all that kind of thing. It is twelve years ago. Looking back at it, I can not now understand how I came to commit such an unutterable insanity.

Mme. Glyon. All your pity is evidently for yourself. And yet—she *did* die, did she not?

L'Estrange (*with pain*). Yes, she died. Poor little fool! Who could ever foresee—

Mme. Glyon. You should be very grateful to her now. You never could have made anything of her from your point of view. She would never have been a *grande dame;* and only think now how tired and sick you would be of her! She would be worse than a Japanese *nestkèe* carved in Amsterdam!

L'Estrange (*gloomily*). You are pleased to make a jest of it. It is not one to me. She was full of promise; her mind was delicate and lofty; her natural grace was great; with culture—

Mme. Glyon. Oh no, believe me, she would always have said, "*Merci, ma bonne dame!*" somehow or other, or its equivalent, and disgraced you.

L'Estrange. She disgraces me now, I see, in your eyes. You evidently believe that I behaved abominably and cruelly to her, while in truth I had no other thought but to make her fit—

Mme. Glyon. For you and your exalted station!

L'Estrange. Madame! I am not a cad!

Mme. Glyon. No; you are an accomplished gentleman, and a man of the world; but for those very reasons you only considered yourself. And since you have brought on this conversation of your own will, will you not confess now that in your shame of her, and your want of courage in supporting her and the world's laughter, there was an element of—of—do not murder me!—of snobbishness?

[L'Estrange *grows red, and rises in silence.* Mme. Glyon *pours herself some tea.*

The Princess (*approaching*). How very angry you look, Lord L'Estrange! What has my friend been saying to you?

L'Estrange. That which is the one unpardonable sin, Princess—a truth! Your dagger shall be here as quickly as a telegram can summon it; and, for Heaven's sake, have nothing more to do with *bric-à-brac* Brown! Mesdames, I must leave you. There is a terrible dinner for the Grand Duke to-night that I shall be late for—a mandinner of all horror!

[*He shakes hands with the* Princess, *bows to* Mme. Glyon, *and goes out.*

Princess (*to* Mme. Glyon). What *did* you say to him?

Mme. Glyon (*rising, and putting down her cup*). He would speak of his marriage. I tried to avoid it, but he would continue the subject. Then I told him home truths that stung him. Oh, my dear, that I should have worshipped the ground that man trod on! He is worse even than I thought. So poor a spirit, so miserable and petty a pride! He owns he separated himself from—from his wife, because she offended his taste in conventional things, and got him ridiculed before conventional society. He cited, as though it were some treason, some great crime, that one poor little fault of "*Merci, ma bonne dame!*" to the Queen of England. It is cowardly; it is contemptible; it is vile!

Princess. But, my dear, you knew all this.

Mme. Glyon. I knew it in a measure. I knew that he sent me to the convent because I did not content him. But who would have thought that after twelve long years these miserable little mistakes would live in his memory as gigantic sins? Who would have dreamed that when he thinks her dead—dead—the creature he once loved—he would have no remembrance left but for her sins of omission and commission against the trumpery by-laws of a worthless world?

Princess. Oh, dear Claire! It is always so. A glove that does not fit her rankles in a man's mind against a woman when he has forgotten all about her lie, her treachery, or her meanness. They would sooner, if they could, take you into the Divorce Court because you freckle than because you have spent a fortnight at Monte Carlo with some one else. That is a man all over. Talk of our love of trifles! Why, it is nothing to theirs. If we have London shoes on instead of Paris ones, they know it!

Mme. Glyon. Yes; the fools do, the *gommeux* do; but he is neither. He has intellect, character, and high culture; he had a heart too—once; and he seemed the very soul of chivalry. And yet, so has the world eaten into him, so has the false code of society bound him to it, that he justifies his conduct—justifies it!—because I, only three months from my vineyards and my cabbage field, taken to that bewildering, dazzling crowd of the Queen's Drawing-room, frightened by his mother, who awed and hated me, forgot the lesson I had learned by heart, and when I came before the throne, and the kind voice of the royal lady said kind words to me, I stammered out the old phrase of my babyhood, "*Merci, ma bonne dame!*" Yes, I had been taught to say that, when I was a little child, if any gentlewoman gave me sweetmeats or centimes, and I disgraced him with it there, and all the London clubs laughed at him! And to this day, though twelve long years have passed, it is terrible to him, and unpardonable still. What do you call that? I call it petty pride, poltroonery, snobbism—the sign of a trivial nature and of a poor base mind!

Princess. Did I not always say his must be?

Mme. Glyon. But his was not! I repeat, he had a noble character and a fine intelligence. He was spoiled by the world's adulation, perhaps, and by a foolish and arrogant mother; but he had a noble and generous nature—at that time. Who could have thought he would have forgotten all our love, all our joy, all our beautiful and happy hours, and merely remembered a few social blunders that made the clubs laugh? I think he does not even recollect he ever loved me! He only speaks of his marriage as an unimaginable idiocy—an incomprehensible madness!

[*Servant announces* Milord L'Estrange.

[to be continued.]

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1288.]

FOR CASH ONLY.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "From Exile," "Under One Roof," "Walter's Word," "Won—not Wooed," "What He Cost Her," etc.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A GOOD GUESS.

Every mature mind is aware that when two ladies are alone together at night, with their brushes in their hands and their back hair down, that is the supreme moment for the reposal of confidence. Miss Darrell had not much to brush, which enabled her to give her undivided attention to her young companion, who retailed to her all that Gerald had told her without hesitation or reservation. Miss Darrell had passed the age of astonishment, but just at first her brush dropped upon her knees, and as if that action had mechanically affected her muscles, mouth and eyes flew open to their extreme limit. As Clare proceeded, however, she gradually recovered herself, and by the time the narrative was concluded, could have recited the whole prospectus of her scholastic establishment without a mistake—her test for her intellect being in full marching order.

"Well, my dear, my conviction is that your first impression concerning the matter is the correct one. I believe the whole story to be a falsehood from beginning to end."

"What! Do you really think that Gerald is so wicked as to have invented it?"

"I don't know about 'wicked,' my dear, though some men—ay, and women—are more desperately wicked than you have any idea of; and I don't say a word about invention, for I have no high opinion of your half-brother in that way; but that he has told you a deliberate lie I have small doubt."

"But what motive could he possibly have in thus defaming my father's memory? He never loved him, but there was no quarrel between them, and even if there had been, surely no human being—let alone the case of father and son—could carry his enmity beyond the grave?"

"It is often done, Clare, nevertheless," sighed the old lady; "but I readily acquit Gerald of any such intention. He is not that kind of person."

"Moreover," continued Clare, "he can get nothing by it; nay, he loses a certain income, which, though, as it happens, it falls short of his expectations, is surely worth having."

"There, of course, is the difficulty," mused the old lady.

"Unhappily, he does not like me, Nannie, and persists in misunderstanding my own

feelings, who wish to do what is most kind for his own good; but even if he hated me, he would surely not wish to compass my ruin, in which, moreover, he himself is involved."

"He did not know that," put in the old lady, quietly; "but nevertheless I am, so far, of your opinion. Gerald would not do you any harm unless he could do himself good by it. The question is, is there any one else who has a grudge against you, and who in gratifying it would at the same time benefit himself?"

"My dear Nannie, how can you talk so? I have not, thank Heaven, an enemy in the world."

"I did not say an enemy; I said one who had a grude against you. Think, think."

"You can not mean Percy?"

"I did not mention him, but since you have done so, I may say that it is not only women who resent being cast off by those whom they have loved."

"Oh, Nannie, one might regret it, and even resent it; but surely, surely, one could never willfully injure one whom we have once loved."

"My dear Clare, you could never willfully injure anybody. Yet undoubtedly there are many people who have no hesitation in doing so. Your own feelings, therefore, go for nothing in pursuing an inquiry of this kind. We are dealing with natures that are altogether out of your experience. I have known scores of them. It is quite possible that Percy Fibber has a grudge against you; he has good cause—or cause that he may call good—for having one. It is no use your denying it" (for Clare held up a remonstrating hand). "I know that man well, and he is one neither to forgive nor to forget. Granted, then, that he would willingly—or, as you term it, willfully—do you an injury, the next question is, has he anything to gain in the present case?"

"What can he have to gain by injuring poor me?"

"Well, I don't know how much, of course," pursued the imperturbable old lady; "but if you turn out to be disentitled to any share in the profits of the firm, the other partners are proportionately benefited by it. Percy is a partner, is he not? Mr. Oldcastle told me that Sir Peter's expectations of this year's gains were something enormous."

"But what has all this to do with Gerald's story, Nannie?"

"In my opinion, a great deal. Perhaps Percy and Gerald have formed a limited company of their own, to which Percy contributes the invention. Gerald does not possess that faculty."

"Do you mean that they have entered into a conspiracy together to commit a fraud?"

The old lady nodded, shut her eyes, and pressed her lips together. She might have sat for a miniature monument of Conviction.

"But even supposing anything so wicked could have entered into Percy's mind, why should Gerald join in it? He does not like Percy."

"No; that is one great advantage of disliking everybody: in some cases, at all events, one must be right. Gerald, as you say, dislikes Percy, but he is very much afraid of Percy. Some people are like wild beasts, with whom love does nothing, and fear everything. The whip cracks, and Gerald jumps through the hoop. That is my solution of the enigma."

"A very far fetched one, dear Nannie, in my opinion," answered Clare, sadly, "and one which I should be very, very sorry to believe myself."

"As to its being far-fetched, my dear, I don't see how you could expect to find it nearer," said the old lady, with a momentary display of "temper." She plumed herself, not without some reason, upon her knowledge of human nature (though in this case perhaps her prejudices, at least as much as her sagacity, had led her to her conclusion), and she resented having it called in question. The next moment the sight of Clare's pained face banished from her bosom every feeling but tenderness. "You speak of being sorry to believe such things, my darling; there was a time when I was sorry too, even for those who commit them. I keep my little stock of sympathy now for the victims only. Do you not think I have some for you? Clare, Clare, my darling, child of my dead friend, you have been cruelly deceived, infamously plotted against, but you shall not be wronged if I can help it. I will write to an honest lawyer whom I know this very night; Mr. Oldcastle is honest, it is true, but he is not so keen."

"What?" interrupted Clare. "Write to a stranger, to reveal what, if that which you believe is true, must be my brother's shame? Or worse, to one who, since he did not know my father, may impute fraud to *him*? Oh no. Oh no. As Gerald says, if once the thing gets abroad, the world will be sure to think my father guilty."

"He said *that*, did he?" interruped the old lady. "Do you suppose he cares about your father's memory. Not he: depend upon it, he has reasons of his own for avoiding publicity."

"And I, Nannie, have not I the reason which you suggest he only pretends to have?" continued Clare, firmly. "True or false, no earthly consideration, nothing, *nothing*, will induce me to permit this story to become the subject of public discussion."

"Do you mean to say," exclaimed the school-mistress, with indignant severity, "that you will submit to be robbed by a foot-pad rather than call for help to the passers-by? Nay, that is a feeble image for the position you are taking up. Will you permit yourself to be reduced to ruin by two scoundrels?"

"Nannie, dear Nannie, pray spare me!" expostulated Clare, entreatingly. "In speaking so harshly, and as I honestly believe so unjustly, of the persons in question, I might well say you do your own nature a grievous wrong; but since such an argument may have no weight with you—"

"Not a feather's," put in the old lady, coolly.

"Then I appeal to you for my own sake. Every injurious word you apply to Gerald and—and to Percy, is a stab to me; I do not believe them guilty. For the moment, it is true, I was inclined—I know not why—to come over to your opinion."

"Instinct," observed Miss Darrell, remorselessly.

"No, no," she pleaded, passionately; "it is instinct that repels such base suspicions. With all his faults, Gerald could never have devised so foul a plot, and upon ground so cruel. Strange as it is, I feel his story must be a true one. I suppose if I give up my claim, it will be necessary for Mr. Oldcastle to know it?"

"He is one of your trustees, that's all," put in her companion, dryly.

"True, and Uncle Roden is another. It would be dreadful to have to discuss the matter with Uncle Roden," said Clare, with a shiver.

"I am sure he would treat you with great consideration, because he would believe you to be a lunatic."

"Oh, Nannie, do not be so hard upon me."

"I am not hard, Clare, but it makes me mad to see you so hård upon yourself. As if the villains of the world did not prosper sufficiently without innocence and simplicity playing into their hands! It is a cruel wish, but, oh! that I could lend you my own bitter experience for the next few days!"

"One must act according to one's light," said Clare, gently.

"In knowledge of the world, my dear, yours is a farthing candle. That's very rude, of course, and I apologize. I'm in such a state of irritation (not with you, my darling; I have nothing but pity for you; but with the Monst—that is, with the world in general) that I am not in a fit state of mind to give advice. Go to bed now, and if you can, to sleep. In the clear dawn of morning more reasonable thoughts will come to you. At present you are confronting a nightmare."

Clare rose with a smile, and embraced her old faint friend affectionately. How different it was when they had but wished one another "good-night"! It seemed to her, by comparison with her present condition, she had been crowned with content, without having deserved or being grateful for it. And now—ah, now!

Certainly, in some respects, the wisest of human creatures are those whom we are in the habit of considering the most foolish; who catch the fleeting pleasure as it flies, and, while the sun shines, bask in it; who have few apprehensions, and less regrets; and who, if they never rise to the heights of human happiness, find easy footing on the table-land of it, and by some beneficent law of their nature never gravitate to the depths of human misery. To such as these the death of a father is "the common lot," and the loss of a lover an ephemeral calamity, while the anguish that was now oppressing Clare was simply an impossibility. For what Miss Darrell was feeling for her—the probability of her being stripped of means and exposed to the untempered winds of poverty—she felt not at all. Her terrors were immaterial, and shook the very soul within her. On the one hand she trembled lest the finger of public scorn should be pointed against the memory she revered above all earthly things; on the other hand she shrank from the suspicion that her father's son had committed an unparalleled and inexplicable baseness.

"I do not believe them guilty," were her words, mused Miss Darrell, as through the night she paced her room in her dressing-gown and slippers, or flung herself impatiently into her arm-chair, because the counsel she demanded of her own quick wits was slow to come. "She said so, but she does believe it, nevertheless. And yet she will let them have their way rather than risk exposure. Fortunately Herbert is coming to-morrow morning, and he will see Gerald face to face"—a reflection that had so soothing an effect upon the old lady that toward morning she retired to bed, and slept a little.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TUNNELLING THE PALISADES.

ABOUT a year ago the work of cutting a tunnel three-quarters of a mile long through the Palisades at Weehawken, for the use of the New York, Ontario, and Western Railroad, was begun, and is pushing on steadily day and night toward completion. The superintendent, Mr. M. S. COLEMAN, is confident that he will "see daylight through it" by the 1st of June, and that in fifteen months or so the project will be fully accomplished.

In order to facilitate the work, five shafts 8 by 16 feet clear cut were sunk through solid rock to depths of from 85 to 165 feet. At the head of each a house has been put up, with elevators, on which the miners ascend and descend, and the cars containing the blasted rock from the tunnel are hoisted to the surface, and run on railroad tracks to the dumping ground. All the shafts, except the one at the west end, are worked by two gangs of men, one cutting toward the west and the other toward the east. The drills are worked by compressed air instead of steam, eighty pounds being used to the square inch. The noise of the operation is almost deafening. Not a word could be heard unless it was shouted into one's ears in the loudest tones. The electric light is used in the shafts as well as outside, and the scenic effect is beautiful.

The tunnel itself is the small end of the work, so far as time goes. The approaches are the main thing, because of the difficulty of getting at them. At the eastern approach, owing to the depth of the grade, the men are obliged to work in several lifts, each about forty feet above the other.

The eastern approach is being cut out with the aid of immense steam-shovels. The bed will be wide enough to permit the laying of four tracks as far as Granton. The only road at present crossing the route of the cut is the Hackensack plank-road at North Bergen, and here a stout bridge on stone abutments is being put up. The eastern portal of the tunnel will be directly opposite West Fifty-fifth Street, New York, and the company has purchased a mile of water-front, which is now being dredged.

The tunnel, when completed, will be 27 feet wide and 21 feet high from the western portal to within a short distance of the eastern approach. The eastern portal will be fan-shaped, 60 feet high and 40 feet wide.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A RESIDENT of Boston writes in a private letter from this city that the "*soi-disant* culture of Murray Hill" is "apparently unable to distinguish between writers, and would equally look on Emerson and Wilde as freaks of nature, flocking to see them as mere curiosities."

It is said that the bullet which Sergeant Mason fired at Guiteau through the window of his cell, and which flattened itself against the wall, came out in the shape of a striking profile of the wretch as he looks when frightened. Fac-similes of the bullet have been made and sent to museums throughout the country.

One of the perils of life in Switzerland is illustrated by the recent falling of a mass of rock, measuring a thousand feet in height, from the summit of a mountain range near Glarus, ploughing its way through orchards, roads, and meadows.

The battle-flag of Captain Jack of the lava beds is in the possession of the Pennsylvania Historical Society. It consists of three squirrel tails and some peacock feathers fastened to the top of a pole. Time has dimmed the brilliancy of the feathers' colors, and moths have made havoc with the squirrel tails.

The Chicago police will be drilled in the use of the revolver. In New York the residents are the ones who are apt to get drilled when the police begin shooting.

Guiteau said that his speech would go thundering down the halls of time; whereas the bulk of it went fluttering down into waste-baskets.

Society item from Nevada: "Bodie is in a flutter over the arrival of Oscar Wilde in New York. Society young men now drink their whiskey out of lily-shaped glasses."

The village pastors in Brattleborough, Vermont, take turns in preaching to the inmates of the asylum for the insane. The Baptist preacher recently chose for his text, "Then took Mary a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly," etc. On the following Sunday the Methodist minister happened to take the same text; and when on the next succeeding Sunday the Unitarian clergyman announced that identical passage as his theme, the hearers smiled. Following the Unitarian came the Congregational preacher. "Then took Mary—" he began, in announcing his text. The patients nudged each other, giggled, and coughed; but the good man believed that these were only freaks due to their infirmity of mind, and he finished his sermon. As he was going out he heard one of the men patients say to another, "Guess we're 'inted enough now," and he learned why his hearers had laughed.

An application for a pension is now before a committee of the House of Representatives from a man who first entered the Union army, then deserted and enlisted in the Confederate army, and afterward re-enlisted in the Union army, and was at length honorably discharged.

An English writer who has visited the scene of the excavations in Pompeii writes that the wonder is that anything is ever dug up, so slow is the process. The directors sit on rubbish heaps, smoking, "while a few idle peasants shovel up a few lazy spadefuls at a time." America would put in some steam-shovels, and have the bottoms of the Pompeiian wells dug up within six weeks.

Mr. Oscar Wilde will be pained to learn that sunflower seeds have become an article of commerce. They are sold to be fed in small quantities to poultry for imparting smoothness to their feathers.

Δημήτριος Παπαγιανάκος and Ἀθανάσιος Ανδριχάχης, of Chicago, street venders of candy, renewed an unpleasantness of Hellenic origin a few days ago. The well-greaved Papagianacos, raising aloft his bunch of right fives, smote in respect to his nose Andrichaches, him of the waving plume, leaving him prone in the dust. Thereupon a policeman, resplendent with burnished brass, leaped into the arena, and Papagianacos was lugged off and given ten days in which to sober up.

Instead of the sunflower, the æsthetes should favor the four-o'clock—the two-two o'clock, as it were.

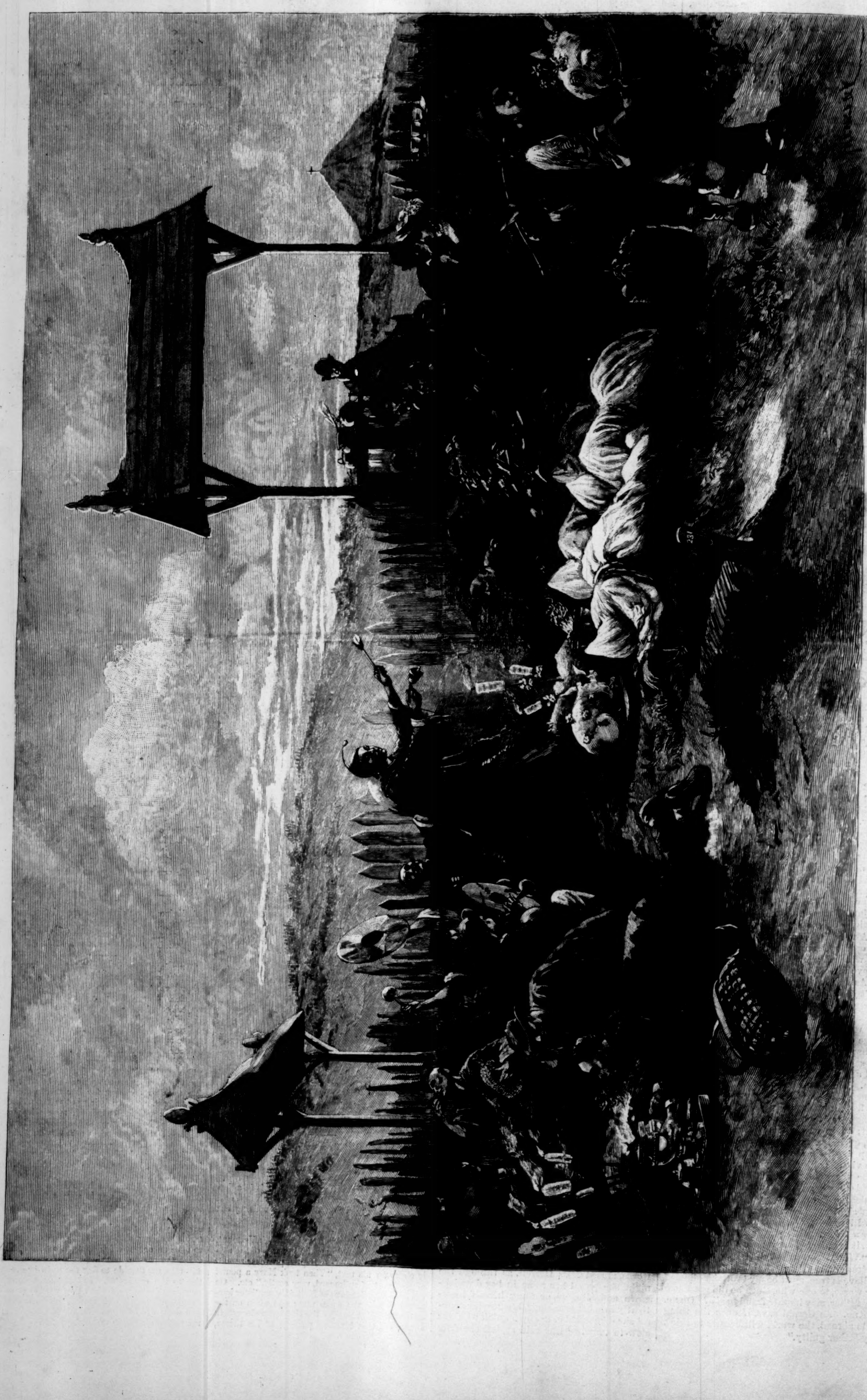
"We are an old man," is the announcement with which a Mississippi newspaper begins a leading editorial.

A Maine young man of a speculative turn of mind bought all the pews in the village church at low figures, got up a religious excitement, and closed out his investment at a profit of $500.

There is dismay among the anti-Chinese element of the Pacific coast in consequence of the reduced rates of fare to Chinamen coming to America. The usual fare per head is fifty dollars, but competition between transportation lines has reduced the rate to thirty dollars. The sagacious and frugal Six Companies have been making the most of the opportunity to bring their fellow-countrymen to this country.

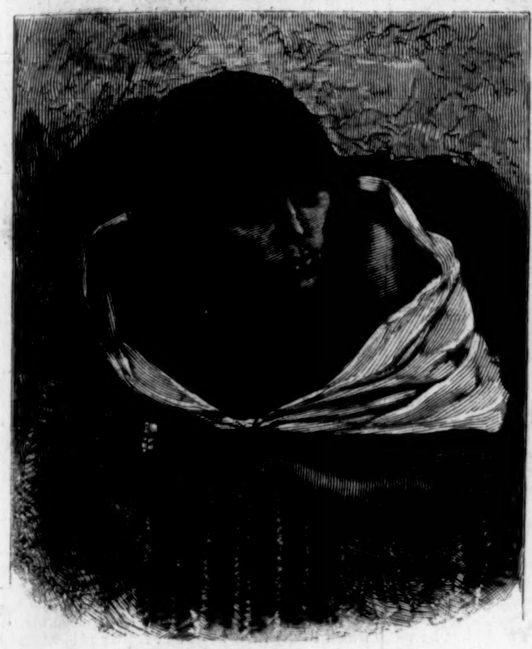
The wealthy Baroness Erlanger has a coachman whose tardiness has proved to be an invaluable trait. By calling for her fifteen minutes late he kept her from being in the Ring Theatre when the fire broke out, and if on another occasion he had been prompt, she would have been in the Nice Opera-house when that was burned.

All of the good old stories about the accommodations offered by accommodation trains will be out of date when a railroad which is to be built in West Virginia shall have been completed. Gratuitous right of way is sought from all the farmers whose fields are to be cut by the projected road, and in return for the gift the railroad company gives the pledge that at least one of its trains each way shall stop every day on the farm to take on or put off passengers or freight, provided the persons desiring such accommodation will take the trouble to flag the train or give notice to the conductor. Industrious housewives may then stop a train when they wish to go to the nearest neighbor's to borrow a cup of sour milk, and there will be no excuse for the resources of the region to remain undeveloped.



A CHINESE BURIAL IN LONE MOUNTAIN CEMETERY, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.—Drawn by Paul Frenzeny.—[See Page 62.]

DISTANT VIEW OF THE VILLAGE OF ZUÑI.



ZUÑI WOMAN AT A WINDOW.

ZUÑI INDIANS AND DONKEYS.

A STREET IN ZUÑI.

HABITATIONS OF ANCIENT CAVE-DWELLERS.

RESEARCHES AMONG THE ZUÑI INDIANS.—From Photographs by J. K. Hillers.—[See Page 58.]

PERSEVERANCE.

By CHARLES READE,

Author of "Foul Play," "Griffith Gaunt," "Hard Cash," etc.

On a certain day in the year 1819, Mr. Chitty, an attorney in Shaftesbury, was leaving his office for the day, when he was met at the door by a respectable woman and a chubby-faced boy with a bright eye. He knew the woman slightly—a widow that kept a small stationer's shop in the town. She opened her business at once. "Oh, Mr. Chitty, I have brought you my Robert; he gives me no peace, his heart is so set on being in a lawyer's office. But there! I have not got the money to apprentice him. Only we thought perhaps you could find some place or other for him, if it was ever so small." Then she broke off, and looked appealingly, and the boy's cheeks and eyes were fired with expectation.

Most country towns at that time possessed two solicitors that might be called types: the old established man, whose firm for generations had done the pacific and lucrative business—wills, settlements, partnerships, mortgages, etc.—and the sharp practitioner, who was the abler of the two at litigation, and had to shake the plum-tree instead of sitting under it and opening his mouth for windfalls. Mr. Chitty was No. 2.

But these sharp practitioners are very apt to be good-natured, and so, looking at the pleading widow and the beaming boy, he felt disposed to oblige them, and rather sorry he could not. He said his was a small office, and he had no clerk's place vacant; "and indeed if I had, he is too young—why, he is a mere child."

"I am twelve next so and so," said the boy, giving the month and the day.

"You don't look it, then," said Mr. Chitty, incredulously.

"Indeed but he is, sir," said the widow: "he never looked his age, and writes a beautiful hand."

"But I tell you I have no vacancy," said Mr. Chitty, turning dogged.

"Well, thank you, sir, all the same," said the widow, with the patience of her sex. "Come, Robert, we mustn't detain the gentleman."

So they turned away with disappointment marked on their faces, the boy's especially.

Then Mr. Chitty said, in a hesitating way, "To be sure, there *is* a vacancy, but it is not the sort of thing for you."

"What is it, sir?" asked the widow.

"Well, we want an office-boy."

"An office-boy! What do you say, Robert? I suppose it is a beginning, sir. What will he have to do?"

"Why, sweep the office, run errands, carry papers; and that is not what he is after. Look at him—he has got that eye of his fixed on a counsellor's wig, you may depend; and sweeping a country attorney's office is not the stepping-stone to that." He added, warily, "At least there is no precedent reported."

"La, no, sir," said the widow; "he only wants to turn an honest penny, and be among law papers."

"Ay, ay; to write 'em and sell 'em, but not to dust 'em."

"For that matter, sir, I believe he'd rather be the Dust itself in your office than bide at home with me."

Here she turned angry with her offspring for half a moment.

"And so I would," said young master, stoutly, indorsing his mother's hyperbole very boldly, though his own mind was not of that kind which originates metaphors, similes, and engines of inaccuracy in general.

"Then I say no more," observed Mr. Chitty; "only mind, it is half a crown a week—that is all."

The terms were accepted, and Master Robert entered on his humble duties. He was steady, persevering, and pushing. In less than two years he got promoted to be a copying clerk. From this in due course he became a superior clerk. He studied, pushed, and persevered, till at last he became a fair practical lawyer, and Mr. Chitty's head clerk. And so much for Perseverance.

He remained some years in this position, trusted by his employers, and respected too; for besides his special gifts as a law clerk, he was strict in morals, and religious without parade.

In those days country attorneys could not fly to the metropolis and back to dinner. They relied much on London attorneys, their agents. Lawyer Chitty's agent was Mr. Bishop, a judge's clerk; but in those days a judge's clerk had an insufficient stipend, and was allowed to eke it out by private practice. Mr. Bishop was agent to several country attorneys.

Well, Chitty had a heavy case coming on at the assizes, and asked Bishop to come down, for once in a way, and help him in person. Bishop did so, and in working the case, was delighted with Chitty's managing clerk. Before leaving, he told Mr. Chitty he sadly wanted a managing clerk he could rely on. Would he oblige him, and part with this young man? Chitty made rather a wry face, and said that young man was a pearl. "I don't know what I should do without him; why, he is my *alter ego*." However, he ended by saying generously that he would not stand in the young man's way.

Then they had the clerk in, and put the question to him.

"Sir," said he, "it is the ambition of my heart to go to London."

Twenty-four hours after that our humble hero was installed in Mr. Bishop's office, directing a large business in town and country. He filled that situation for many years, and got to be well known in the legal profession. A brother of mine, who for years was one of a firm of solicitors in Lincoln's Inn Fields, remembers him well at this period, by meeting him sometimes in his own chambers, and sometimes in judges' chambers. My brother says he could not help noticing him, for he bristled with intelligence, and knew a deal of law, though he looked only a boy.

The best of the joke is that this clerk afterward turned out to be four years older than that solicitor who took him for a boy.

He was now amongst books as well as lawyers, and studied closely the principles of law whilst the practice was sharpening him. He was much in the courts, and every case there cited in argument or judgment he hunted out in the books, and digested it, together with its application in practice by the living judge, who had quoted, received, or evaded it.

He was a Baptist, and lodged with a Baptist minister and his two daughters. He fell in love with one of them, proposed to her, and was accepted. The couple were married without pomp, and after the ceremony the good minister took them aside and said: "I have only two hundred pounds in the world. I have saved it, a little at a time, for my two daughters. Here is your share, my children." Then he gave his daughter one hundred pounds, and she handed it to the bridegroom on the spot. The good minister smiled approval, and they sat down to what fine folks call breakfast, but they called it dinner; and it was.

After dinner and the usual ceremonies, the bridegroom rose, and surprised them a little. He said: "I am sorry to leave you, but I have a particular business to attend to. It will take me just one hour."

Of course there was a look or two interchanged, especially by every female there present; but the confidence in him was too great to be disturbed, and this was his first eccentricity.

He left them, went to Gray's Inn, put down his name as a student for the bar, paid away his wife's dowry in the fees, and returned within the hour.

Next day the married clerk was at the office as usual, and entered on a twofold life. He worked as a clerk till five; dined in the hall of Gray's Inn as a sucking barrister, and studied hard at night. This was followed by a still stronger example of duplicate existence, and one without a parallel in my reading and experience: he became a writer, and produced a masterpiece, which as regarded the practice of our courts became at once the manual of attorneys, counsel, and judges. The author, though his book was entitled "practice," showed some qualities of a jurist, and corrected soberly but firmly unscientific legislature and judicial blunders.

So here was a student of Gray's Inn, supposed to be picking up in that Inn a small smattering of law, yet, to diversify his crude studies, instructing mature counsel, and correcting the judges themselves, at whose chambers he attended daily, cap in hand, as an attorney's clerk. There's an intellectual hotch-potch for you. All this did not in his Inn qualify him to be a barrister; but years and dinners did. After some weary years he took the oaths at Westminster, and vacated by that act his place in Bishop's office, salary included, and was a pauper—for an afternoon. But work that has been long and tediously prepared can be executed quickly, and adverse circumstances, when Perseverance conquers them, turn round and become allies.

The ex-clerk and young barrister had ploughed and sowed with such pain and labor that he reaped with comparative ease. Half the managing clerks in London knew him and believed in him. They had the ear of their employers, and brought him pleadings to draw and motions to make. His book, too, brought him clients; and he was soon in full career as a junior counsel and special pleader. Senior counsel soon found that they could rely upon his zeal, accuracy, and learning. They began to request that he might be retained with them in difficult cases, and he became first junior counsel at the bar; and so much for Perseverance.

Time rolled its ceaseless course, and a silk gown was at his disposal. Now a popular junior can not always afford to take silk, as they call it. Indeed, if he is learned but not eloquent, he may ruin himself by the change. But the remarkable man whose career I am epitomizing did not hesitate; he still pushed onward. And so one morning the Lord Chancellor sat for an hour in the Queen's Bench, and Mr. Robert Lush was appointed one of her Majesty's Counsel, learned in the law, and then and there, by the Chancellor's invitation, stepped out from among the juniors, and took his seat within the bar. So much for Perseverance.

From this point the outline of his career is known to everybody. He was appointed in 1865 one of the judges of the Queen's Bench, and after sitting in that court some years, was promoted to be a Lord Justice of Appeal. A few days ago he died, lamented and revered by the legal profession, which is very critical, and does not bestow its respect lightly.

I knew him only as Queen's Counsel. I had him against me once, but oftener for me, because my brother thought him even then the best lawyer and the most zealous at the bar, and always retained him if he could. During the period I knew him personally Mr. Lush had still a plump unwrinkled cheek and a singularly bright eye. His voice was full, mellow, and penetrating; it filled the court without apparent effort, and accorded well with his style of eloquence, which was what Cicero calls the *temperatum genus loquendi*.

Reasoning carried to perfection is one of the fine arts. An argument by Lush enchained the ear and charmed the understanding. He began at the beginning, and each succeeding topic was articulated and disposed of, and succeeded by its right successor, in language so fit and order so lucid that he rooted and grew conviction in the mind—*tantum series nexuraque pollent*.

I never heard him at Nisi Prius, but should think he could do nothing ill, yet would be greater at convincing judges than at persuading juries right or wrong; for at this pastime he would have had to escape from the force of his own understanding, whereas I have known counsel, blatant and admired, whom native and flippant fluency had secured against that difficulty.

He was affable to clients, and I had more than one conversation with him, very interesting to me; but to intrude these would be egotistical, and disturb the just proportions of this short notice. I hope some lawyer who knew him well as counsel and judge will give us his distinctive features, if it is only to correct those vague and colorless notices of him that have appeared.

This is due to the legal profession. But after all, his early career interests a much wider circle. We can not all be judges, but we can all do great things by the perseverance which from an office-boy made this man a clerk, a counsel, and a judge. Do but measure the difficulties he overcame in his business with the difficulty of rising in any art, profession, or honorable walk, and down with despondency's whine and the groans of self-deceiving laziness! You who have youth and health, never you quail at "those twin jailers of the daring heart, low birth and iron fortune."

See what becomes of those two bugbears when the stout champion **SINGLE-HEART** and the giant **PERSEVERANCE** take them by the throat.

Why, the very year those chilling lines were first given to the public by Bulwer and Macready, Robert Lush paid his wife's dowry away to Gray's Inn in fees, and never whined, nor doubted, nor looked right nor left, but went straight on—and prevailed.

Genius and talent may have their bounds, but to the power of single-hearted Perseverance there is no known limits.

Non omnis mortuus est—the departed judge still teaches from his tomb; his dicta will outlive him in our English courts; his gesta are for mankind. Such an instance of single-heartedness, perseverance, and proportionate success in spite of odds is not for one narrow island, but the globe. An old man sends it to the young in both hemispheres with this comment: If difficulties lie in the way, never shirk them, but think of Robert Lush and trample on them. If impossibilities encounter you, up hearts and at 'em.

One thing more to those who would copy Robert Lush in all essentials. Though impregnated from infancy with an honorable ambition, he remembered his Creator in the days of his youth; nor did he forget Him when the world poured its honors on him, and those insidious temptations of Prosperity which have hurt the soul far oftener than "low birth and iron fortune." He flourished in a skeptical age, yet he lived and died fearing God.

THE ZUÑI INDIANS.

The work which the Smithsonian Institution and the Ethnological Bureau at Washington (the latter in charge of Major J. W. Powell) are doing for American ethnology is regarded as of the very highest value by all men of science. An extremely interesting department of inquiry of late has been the study of the Village Indians of New Mexico and Arizona, the discovery of the ruins of whose ancient community-houses, or *pueblos*, in 1874, excited so much interest. Since that time an area of former partial civilization, similar to what now is to be seen at Taos, Jeniez, Zia, Zuñi, Acoma, Walfi, Ovaibi, and other Indian towns in the region between the Rio Grande and the Rio Colorado, has been found to extend over nearly all the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, and somewhat into Colorado and Utah. The study of these ruins, which evince a former population of hundreds of thousands where now only a few hundreds of people are dwelling, has been as yet only superficial; but it has shown satisfactorily that the villagers who inhabit the table-lands of that country now are lineal descendants of the nations who built the pueblos of the valleys, the cliff-dwellings, cave-houses, and mesa structures, whose desolation was accomplished centuries ago. These have been often described, and are illustrated in the reports of the United States Geological Survey.

The field work of 1880, as well as that last year, was under the auspices of Major J. W. Powell, and was in charge of Mr. James Stevenson, of Washington, who has been connected with governmental surveys for twenty years. Mrs. Stevenson accompanied him, proving herself of the greatest service as a collector and observer, procuring numerous facts and specimens which a man might easily have missed. Mr. Stevenson was also accompanied this year by Mr. J. K. Hillers, official photographer to the United States Geological Survey, and who is the artist who accompanied Professor Powell on his adventurous voyage through the cañon of the Colorado, which has become historic. Another companion was Mr. V. Mendelcliff, artist, who busied himself in making plans and measurements of the Indian villages, from which models are to be constructed for exhibition in the National Museum.

In the prehistoric features of the region some most interesting discoveries were made. The most important and startling of these probably was of the densely inhabited colonies of cliff-dwellers on the western side of the Rio Grande, beginning about a dozen miles northwest of Cochiti, and extending nearly to Santa Clara. That region is an exceedingly desolate, volcanic, and sterile one, with high table-lands, having perpendicular faces, and broken at frequent intervals by ragged cañons and dry water-courses, where the only vegetation is tufts of coarse grass, rank sage-brush, several species of cactus, and scattered groves of gnarled cedars or nut-pines on the table-lands, which are called *mesas*.

Approaching a line of cliffs, which in terrace-like levels leads up to an extinct volcano in the background, the explorers were attracted by long lines of black spots, which proved to be entrances to small excavations in the face of the cliffs, which obviously had been human habitations. To many of them the wear and tear of the weather had not destroyed the means of approach, and the old, deeply cut foot-paths and stairways carved or worn in the rock could be followed up to the houses, which were cut in tiers, two, three, four, even five rows occasionally, one above the other, and not far apart. For over sixty miles along the irregular face of this line of cliffs are the remains of these human swallows' nests, and Mr. Stevenson believes that a hundred thousand people might have been sheltered in them at once, if all were occupied simultaneously.

In their construction and interior arrangement they are all very much alike. The cliff rock is a soft tufa or volcanic ash, easily worked. Their tools were rudely chipped chisel-shaped blades of stone, specimens of which may be seen in the collection. These were attached to handles after the fashion of an adze; and the method of excavation was to cut two parallel trenches a few inches apart, and then pry off the block left between. Rapid progress could thus be made, and a cave of convenient size excavated without very great labor. The entrance is usually roughly arch-shaped, and about the size of a small door, expanding within to the dimensions sufficient to accommodate a single family which expected to pass the greater part of its time out-of-doors. Into the rear wall were often dug closet-like extensions for stowage, and niches here and there in the walls answered the purpose of cupboards. One would think the expedient of cutting a hole through at the ceiling as an exit for smoke would have occurred to a people capable of so much; but the only means of ingress and egress of light, air, smoke, and humanity was the doorway.

On the outside, however, it was customary to erect structures of wood in front of the caves, as is shown by the rows of holes morticed into the face of the cliff above the doors. That these were for the insertion of beams of wood is not only easily surmised, but proved by the frequent discovery of the ends of beams still sticking there, which in their sheltered position and in this dry climate have been preserved for centuries. Such porches of timber, roofed by those above, and in turn protecting other porches underneath, gave an out-door habitation to the women and children, and served as platforms on which to dry their meat and fruit, and stow many goods safe from disturbance. Every Indian village-house nowadays has such platforms of poles erected near it, or over its doorway; and the old cage-like structures, hung with brightly colored blankets and articles of domestic use, and populous with active beings, must have been extremely picturesque on the face of the white cliff.

Upon the top of the mesa of which these cliffs are the exposed sides were found the ruins of large circular buildings made of squared stones of no great size. The walls of some of these structures remain standing to the height of ten or a dozen feet, and showed that from one to two thousand people could find room within each inclosure. Judging from the buildings of a similar shape now possessed by the village Indians, these ruins are considered the remains of places of worship. Nothing in the shape of altars was found, however, which may be due to the soft and destructible nature of the materials (adobe and tufa) probably used in their construction. One of these circular structures was 100 feet and another 200 feet in diameter.

The southern end of this city of cliff-dwellers seems to have been the part most densely populated, and is better guarded naturally against assault. Here the débris falling from the face and upper edge of the cliff has formed a talus at its foot sufficiently high to hide the entrances of one and in some instances two tiers of the artificial grottoes, as is discovered here and there in water-worn crevices. Some protected walls in the neighborhood, however, retain hieroglyphics in abundance. These resemble the picture-writing of the present Indians of that region, and therefore it is thought they will prove decipherable.

Another very interesting class of monuments of this ancient people is to be seen in the carved images of wild animals scattered about the neighborhood. These are cut in full relief out of the native rock, are always in crouching or recumbent attitudes, and can be identified at a glance wherever the weather has not destroyed their original form. The most prominent are two pumas, or mountain-lions, stretched out side by side, and life-size. It is many centuries, no doubt, since they were cut, and no similar work in stone is ever attempted by the descendants of the old sculptors.

Much time, as has been said, was spent in studying the present condition and manners of the pueblo Indians, particularly at one of their chief towns, Zuñi, near the border of New Mexico and Arizona. It occupies a treeless, rocky knoll near a narrow but constant stream of water, and consists of several of the fort-like community-houses which have been so often described, and are represented in the illustrations on page 57. That showing a street in Zuñi gives a view of the inner aspect of the buildings, which outwardly present an unbroken vertical wall of hard mud from the topmost story to the base.

Their inner faces, however, consist of a series of terraces, as it were; that is, the houses, or suites of rooms belonging to each family, are piled irregularly above one another to the height of two, three, or even five stories, and each tier above is less than the one beneath it by the width of one story, and is entered over the roof of the lower tier. Sometimes, however, two stories are built up vertically; but even then the ground-floor is not often occupied, and the upper rooms are entered by ladders (or somewhat, in Zuñi, by narrow stone steps, as seen in the illustration), as are those above them. Formerly the only house doors were hatchways in the roof, and to reach their fireside the family—babies, dogs, and all—went up an outside ladder from the ground to

the roof, and down an inside ladder from the roof to the floor, but now narrow doorways have been cut, and are made in all the recently built houses.

These matters of architecture in every particular received most careful attention from artist and architect, and precise models of them will supplement the large series of photographs that now adorn the offices of the Bureau of Ethnology and the National Museum.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

THE aim of every free government is to unite public instruction with civil service reform, and found its institutions upon the general intelligence of the people. Our republic rests upon knowledge; its founders proposed to make every citizen cultivated, intelligent, and fit to hold any public office. They planned a pure democracy in which every public servant should be worthy of his place. Public schools were introduced to carry out this idea. The whole community was to receive a common education. Every one was to be made capable of serving in public offices, and taught to know and fulfill his duty in the state. The theory was excellent; in part it has been successful, in part failed.

It was the modest complaint of the great philosopher that he knew nothing; it might well be the cry of every civilized nation and every citizen or subject. The chief want of the time is knowledge. Our material prosperity has surpassed our intellectual, even in the best educated communities. Few know their real interests, and few know how to govern or even to obey. If all men were sufficiently instructed, wars might cease and controversies end; we should need little government and little law. The impulse of self-preservation would make every man a superior being. He would be virtuous from necessity and a democrat from choice. No one would struggle for a vain superiority in dress, outward show, fine houses, costly living, but all would prefer the common good. Knowledge would spread general comfort, health, industry, content; would diminish disease, banish pauperism, repress vice; build clean cities, well furnished with aqueducts and drains; would open wide means of travel, and promote and enforce the public welfare. This was the conception of the founders of the republic. "You must build up your institutions," they said, "on knowledge and public virtue." Franklin, Washington, the Adamses, Jefferson, and all the democratic thinkers of the earlier period, saw clearly that no people could be free who were not intelligent and carefully educated. They insisted upon the spread of knowledge as the only support of free institutions.

They were timid, and did not go far enough. They should have provided a national system of education, and they should have directed every public official to be instructed in the national schools. They suggested the idea of a perfect civil service when they demanded that every citizen should be educated, but unhappily they were satisfied with suggesting the theory. They formed no plan of public instruction. They thought it no part of the duty of the general government to become a teacher of children; they left that duty to the separate towns or States. They founded a general post-office to convey the fruits of knowledge; they coined money, planned roads, raised an army and navy; they taxed every citizen, entered every house, asserted their supreme authority over the family and the person, interfered with all domestic and private affairs when it seemed necessary. They might well have gone farther, and if they were sincere in their conviction that knowledge is the source of freedom, it seems the more remarkable that they did not do so. The idea of a national system of education seems not to have suggested itself to them. A hundred years ago it was almost unknown. Germany had its imperfect system of free schools; Scotland, its parochial system; Massachusetts and Connecticut, their stringent educational laws. But England, France, Spain, Italy, were lost in ignorance, and the people everywhere enslaved.

In 1783 or 1787 our ancestors might easily have ingrafted an educational law upon their new Constitution; they might have provided every village with a school, and selected their officials from the intelligent and the pure. It was a happy moment for bold speculations in politics and novel institutions. Bernardin St. Pierre had already suggested the founding of a great centre of education in the heart of Paris. The philosophic school of the time abounded in educational theories. It seems the more wonderful that the founders of the Constitution did not seize their opportunity and ingraft upon it a practical system of public instruction. They failed; the consequences have been lamentable. A system of office-seeking and political influence grew up that corrupted the young and debased the old, that made beggary respectable where the beggar sought an office, and made every successful politician an almsgiver to countless hungry expectants. A universal greed of office spread over the nation. It arose under Washington, it grew in Jefferson's time, it became under Jackson and Van Buren a raging plague. Parton, in his *Life of Jackson*, describes the adventures of a young office-seeker who goes to Washington, meets with some ludicrous mishaps, happens to please a noted lady of the time, and is successful. He obtains his office. A short note of dismissal is sent to his predecessor. He is a man of family, useful in his place, and dependent wholly on his salary. He is dismissed without notice to penury and want, and our young adventurer takes his place. He displeases Van Buren, but the influence behind the throne keeps him secure. At last Jackson retires, Van Buren comes in, and with a few insolent words expels him from the place in which he had long been useful.

From Van Buren's time the plague has never ceased. It has raged most violently at the South. Before 1860 nearly every young man in the Southern States of the ruling class promised himself an office, and the shock of the great rebellion, with all its fearful deeds and consequences, was in great part a politician's and an office-seeker's war. It was the fear of the loss of political patronage that aroused the active leaders among the slave-holders. When the people were cold they drove them to rebellion with whip and scourge. It would be impossible to paint in too strong characters the fatal results of the passion for office-seeking. It is a vice like opium-eating that has softened the brain of the nation. Its dreams, its languid efforts, its sanguine fancies, its utter demoralization, have left everywhere their traces in fraud, neglect, decay. But for this fatal passion, unhappily, the founders of the Constitution provided no remedy. It was the chief error of their time. One may trace to it nearly all the dangers and corruptions of the later period. Had they provided the nation with a system of common-schools, had they made proved aptitude and intelligence the passports, had they, in fact, built up a government on knowledge and virtue, they would have completed the fabric of freedom they so successfully designed. It is left for us to fulfill their suggestions. In the moment of our prosperity and unity let us carry on their incomplete design. Let us stimulate education, honesty, and industry by public employment, and make our public instruction tributary to an efficient and economical public service.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

GORDON LEIGH.

A SMALL room with dark wainscoting and hard-wood floor, touches of crimson shining out upon the walls, and curious diamond-paned windows. In the rose-twined oriel window a grave-faced middle-aged man, covertly watching the downcast face of a girl still in her teens.

The man is Gordon Leigh; the girl is Leslie Morgan, Gordon Leigh's ward.

To-night is Leslie's eighteenth birthday; and Gordon, who has grown to love his ward as men only love the women they wish to marry, determines to seek an opportunity to plead his cause. Place and circumstances befriend him. The summer moonlight, hay-laden, flower-scented, drifts in through open windows; the evening insects hum their faint, indolent chorus of encouragement; while in the distance, like earth-fallen stars, gleam the lights of the night boats passing up and down the river; and old Mrs. Leigh lies fast asleep in the library. Still Leigh is silent. He feels the hush and stillness of the night, and now that he is face to face with the question of his life, he wonders at his own effrontery; for all men, even the vainest of them, feel strangely small and worthless when their hopes hang on a woman's word; and Gordon Leigh possesses less vanity than usually falls to man.

"Leslie," he says at last, and his voice sounds strange to his own ears.

She turns her pure young face toward him with wide-open questioning eyes.

"I have something to say to you."

"And I," she echoes, softly, "have something to say to you."

There is a look in her eyes he has never seen there before—a glad, steadfast look that yet hides itself half shyly. It stirs him to his innermost nature. He fancies she can hear his heart beat, and wonders if she has guessed his secret, and if that smile of ineffable content is the forerunner to his "yes."

"Shall I tell my story first?" she asks, with a little tremulous quiver of happiness, as he makes no attempt to speak.

He nods assent, glad of a moment in which to realize his new-found joy before stretching out his hands to take it.

"It is a love story," she says, softly, the eyes, looking dreamily over the moon-flooded lawns and terraces, welling over with that same subtle look of contentment.

"Yes?" It is all he can frame his lips to say, but he moves a step nearer, and bends his iron-gray head till she can feel his breath upon her hair. Then she stretches out a slim white hand, and he grasps it half convulsively.

"My ring," she stammers, flushing all over her fair girl face. "I wanted you to see it."

He loosens his hold, and with a sudden sense of ill, looks at the fingers lying cool and still in his. A diamond flashes its colors into his eyes, dazzling and blinding him. He puts his hand to his head in a dazed sort of way, and grows white to the lips.

"Mother?" he questions, with a piteous break in his voice.

"Oh no," she answers, simply. "Wallace Hobart. I have promised to be his wife."

Gordon Leigh drops the hand as though it hurt him, and walks to a distant window. He is a strong man, and a man accustomed to self-control, but it is several moments before he can force his features to assume their customary expression. When he returns to the girl, he finds her standing where he left her, a smile on her lips, a far-away look in her eyes, that warns him he is forgotten. He coughs sharply. It startles Leslie into a remembrance of his presence. She turns to him, flushing slightly, and says, with a pretty air of penitence, "I fear I am very rude, Gordon."

"My dear," answers this middle-aged man, with kindly gentleness, "we never expect a woman to look beyond her lover's arms. But do you know what manner of man this is you have chosen for a husband?" His voice does not falter now; it is quiet and firm, and very, very tender.

"I only know that he loves me," she replies, with a half-exultant ring to her voice, "and that I love him."

Gordon Leigh's face grows ashy pale. He turns toward the window that he may not see the pain he fancies his words will bring into her face. He might have spared himself the trouble. She listens with utter indifference to the story of Wallace Hobart's hard, fast life, and when he looks cautiously around, the sight of her smiling face dumfounds him.

"Child!" he cries, passionately, "can you marry a man like that?"

She rouses herself with an effort, looks at him half dreamily, as though collecting her thoughts, laughs softly, and says, in a low voice—a voice vibrating with love and tenderness, "I come of age to-day, and I shall give my whole future into his keeping whenever he asks it."

Leigh groans aloud. He realizes the uselessness of further arguments. Leslie Morgan is a woman whose reason will never rule her heart-beats.

Ah, me! what a curious thing life is, with its unanswerable "whys" and curious blindfolded "wherefores"!

"I would have been content to walk through life on thorns, Leslie," he says, gently, "could you have followed treading on roses; yet I am powerless to save you from a life-long misery."

"Ah, if you only knew him, Gordon! then your words would be kinder and more appropriate."

"God grant you are right!" he answers, solemnly, and turns and leaves her without another word.

A perplexed look creeps into Leslie's eyes. She leans her head wearily against the casement, and wonders why people will say such things. The summer roses brush softly against her cheek, and the summer moonlight bathes her in a shimmering, mystic light that makes her seem half weird, half real.

Wallace Hobart, coming from the darkness of the trees into the open lawn, smiles at the picture, and springs forward to her side. The weariness dies out of her face when he gathers her into his arms, and whispers low, impassioned words of love. She is supremely, ecstatically happy, with the happiness that comes to us but once in a lifetime; but the man she loves cares little for her, though he cares a great deal for her money, and in his mind the one balances the other.

Leslie's quiet gentleness palls on Hobart. He is accustomed to an altogether different kind of woman. He can no more appreciate the singleness and purity of her nature than she can trace the record of his sin-lined face. He is not a handsome man; but he possesses a subtle fascination of manner, a sudden lighting into brilliancy that outrivals mere perfection; and then he is undeniably clever, and has a will that bends every-thing before it. He is a connoisseur in love-making, for it has been one of the occupations of his life, and it is little wonder that inexperienced Leslie falls a victim to such manifold attractions.

With lips close pressed on hers, Hobart bids Leslie name the wedding day. She hides her shamefaced face upon his shoulder, and clings to him in silence. He laughs, and lifting the crimson, tear-stained face with gentle hand, looks straight into her eyes with a subtle power that holds her gaze against her will.

"Now don't be foolish," he commands, "but name the day."

"When you will," she answers, timidly, "for I can not be your wife too soon."

He leaves her on the stroke of twelve, and while she kneels and thanks God for her lover, that same lover is playing for heavy stakes with men of his own stamp, and he has not even one thought for the girl who worships him so blindly.

The wedding day dawns at last, bright and cloudless. The two are married with all the pomp and ceremony that accompany grand weddings. There are the usual number of bored groomsmen and flirtatious bridemaids, the ordinary number of duplicated atrocities and useless gifts, as well as the inevitable collation of indigestible sweets and unpalatable pyramids of glittering stickiness, served by the self-same obsequious waiters one meets everywhere.

The men stare curiously at the sweet bride face, and exchange glances of amazement.

"Too good for him," says one.

"Give him three weeks to forget her in," adds another, with worldly wisdom.

"It's her money," explains a third, shortly.

Gordon Leigh overhears these remarks. He shuts his teeth hard together, and turns on his heel. He can not call men to account for speaking truth. He is glad when the day is over, for he finds it almost beyond his strength. His whole soul cries out against him when he lays innocent Leslie's hand in that of Wallace Hobart. He closes the carriage door on Leslie's face with a smile, though her cheeks are wet with tears, and her good-byes end in sobs. He comforts his mother, and cheers the guests, and speaks a kind word to Leslie's old nurse sitting weeping in Leslie's room; but when the mother is asleep, and the guests have gone, and the old nurse has lost her troubles in dreams, he shuts himself in the little room with the curious diamond-paned windows, and rests his head on his folded arms, and sits alone with his sorrow the whole night through, for in all the world there is no one to comfort him.

Leslie finds her honey-moon a brief glimpse of paradise. Then the serpent creeps in, and the shadow that is to darken Leslie's future falls across the happiness of her present. She finds her dreams of married life only dreams, and her idol only clay.

Hobart soon wearies of his wife's companionship, and seeks excitement amidst old haunts. The last night of their wedding tour Leslie watches for him till the wee small hours grow large again, and works herself into a state of nervousness that imagines all possible evils. He returns toward daylight with feverishly brilliant eyes and feet that feel their way. She chokes back her sobs, fearing they may annoy him, and greets him with a smile.

"I'm sick," he mutters, thickly; and she, in her innocence, believes him.

"Then I will send for a doctor, dear," she answers, tenderly.

He stares at her in a stupid, puzzled way; then, as the idea works its way into his liquor-laden brain, he bursts into a fit of maudlin laughter.

She shrinks back with a sudden thrill of horror, while something, she can hardly tell what, brings the truth straight home to her, and then and there Leslie learns her woman's lesson—that to put another before one's self is to say good-by to one's peace of mind forever.

"It will be different when we get home," thinks Leslie; but she finds herself mistaken, for Hobart goes from bad to worse; and Leslie soon has but one aim in life, and that is, the hiding her husband's weakness from an all-seeing world. Poor child! In the tenderness of her woman's heart she can not give his failing a harsher name, for she still loves him. No matter at what hour he stumbles home, the little wife is always there to let him in. No gossiping servants ever see Wallace Hobart out of his right mind; and she draws the mantle of wifely silence over his faults, shows to the world a proudly smiling face, and hides well her own heart-aches.

After a while the world begins to talk; and Madam Grundy's tongue is a sharp and bitter one when it touches scandal. Stray bits drift to Gordon's ears. At first he gives them little heed. Then the bits grow larger and keener-pointed, till they arouse all the indignation in him. He determines to give Madam Grundy the lie, or discover the truth for himself, and so finds himself a self-invited guest in Leslie's home. He only remains three days, but those three days tell the whole story. He finds Leslie a trifle paler and thinner, with deep dark circles round eyes that seem ever fearing trouble. The girl does not weep or moan, but he knows by the dread expectancy in her face that she is a woman without hope.

"Oh!" thinks Gordon, with angry bitterness, "how blind women are to unpalatable truths, till their blindness has darkened all their lives!" Then the old question goes echoing through his mind: "Does she love him, or does she not?" and he is as far from an answer as ever.

One evening, coming up from the village, with his arms overflowing with fragrant red Jacqueminot roses, he stops to give some to Leslie, and is about leaving, when Hobart enters, excited by drink, and maddened with his loss at play. Hobart hates Gordon Leigh. His own wrong-doing makes him suspicious of Leslie's every act. He imagines she is entertaining Gordon with a rehearsal of his sins. The thought works mischief in his overheated brain. He steps forward to Leslie's side, and something in his face makes the girl shrink back toward Gordon. Hobart sees the movement, and raising his hand, strikes her across her face. It is not a hard blow, but it leaves a dull red mark stretching across the whiteness of her cheeks.

Leigh's indignation gets the better of him. He is about to collar Hobart, when the girl steps between them with such a piteous dumb pleading in her eyes he has not the heart to touch him, and lets his hand fall heavily to his side.

"He has never struck me before," she murmurs, trying to hide her shame with her small slim hand, "and he is not himself to-night."

The blow sobers Hobart into a realization of his cowardice. Had Leslie been alone, he would doubtless have kissed her, and won a ready pardon; as it is, he slinks moodily off to bed, at war with himself and all the world.

"My poor child," asks Gordon, pityingly, "how long is this to last?"

"I took him for better, for worse," she answers, "and I will never leave him," and Gordon finds himself again wondering whether or no Leslie loves her husband.

The next morning Hobart's groom bows himself into Gordon's library with a note from Leslie.

Gordon opens it with a hand that trembles in spite of all his efforts to the contrary. Its contents seem to paralyze him.

"Your master dead!" he gasps, looking to the man for further confirmation of the news.

"Yes, if it plaze yer honor. He would ride

"'MY RING!' SHE STAMMERS. 'I WANTED YOU TO SEE IT.'"

that divil of a Collins, whin he warn't able to ride a mule. Collins throwed him at the old elm, sir, and he never knowed nothing after that."

"Terrible! terrible!" exclaims Gordon. "Go home at once, James, and tell your mistress I'll be with her directly."

The man bows himself away, and Gordon is left to his own reflections. They are curious and complicated, and make his face look old and hard. Of course Leslie will return to her old home, and equally of course all arrangements for the funeral will devolve on him. He shakes himself free of his reverie, and carries Leslie's note to the mother.

"Poor wee lassie," says that tender-hearted matron, with tear-filled eyes and voice. "You must bring her to us at once, Gordon—at once."

He nods assent, kisses her lovingly on her soft white hair, and goes on his errand of mercy. He finds Leslie perfectly calm and self-possessed. The red mark still shows faintly on her cheek, but she seems to have quite forgotten it. There is a settled sadness on her face, and a wearied, affrighted look in her eyes, that touches Gordon to the heart.

Leslie agrees to everything her guardian proposes, even to leaving her new home at once, without a moment's hesitation. So Gordon Leigh has the face he loves beside him once again; but it looks older and graver in its frame of widow's weeds, and bears traces of much suffering.

"HE CLOSES THE CARRIAGE DOOR ON LESLIE'S FACE WITH A SMILE."

Gordon Leigh and his mother are very tender of this young girl left widowed when she should have been her happiest. They can not seem to do enough for her, and their kindness touches Leslie as nothing has touched her since her marriage.

No one speaks of Leslie's husband. Gordon believes she still loves his memory, and clings tenaciously to everything that reminds her of him; while Gordon's mother thinks quite the contrary. Leslie herself is silent on the subject, and hides whatever love or loathing she may feel in the silence of her own heart.

In the early spring-time, when fruit trees hang heavy with blossoms, Leslie's child is born. The child is a boy, and it lives scarce long enough to claim a soul. They bring it to her in its tiny white-lined coffin, with lilies-of-the-valley around its face and white violets in its hands. She looks at the motionless baby body with a great yearning in her eyes, kisses the little lips that have never responded to hers, and turns from the dear dead body with a piteous wail of despair.

Two, three, and four years pass away, and Leslie Hobart is Leslie Hobart still. She receives none of the attentions common to women of her age, but turns a cold shoulder to every man that looks at her, and shrinks from the thought of another marriage with fear and repulsion.

Gordon remonstrates with her, but all in vain.

"I have lived my life," she says, earnestly, "and I only want to be let alone."

Gordon wonders if anything will rouse her from the lethargy in which she seems to have lost herself; for though she talks and smiles, her words lack the old mischievous sparkle, and her smile is sadder than any tears. She never refers to her child or her husband, but Gordon knows that she keeps their graves fresh with flowers; and she rarely passes a very young child without stopping to speak to it, and after such encounters the wistfulness in her eyes deepens to positive pain.

He finds her sitting in the twilight one evening in the room they both love, the room with curious diamond-paned windows, and her lashes are wet with tears. The gardener and his young wife, with their wee new baby, are crossing the lawn to the greenhouse.

"Leslie," he says, gently, "are you still grieving for your little one?"

"No, no," she cries, with sudden passion. "I can not thank God enough for taking him. If he had lived, he might have been like his father. I was only thinking of what I used to dream life was, and what I find life is." She catches her breath sharply, startled at her own vehemence, and Gordon Leigh's wonderings cease. He now knows that Leslie no longer loves Wallace Hobart or Wallace Hobart's memory, and the thought gives him a thrill of joy.

"Child," he says, slowly, and the suppressed passion in his voice quivers through all its forced indifference, "four years ago, in this same room, I told you I had something to tell you. Other things drove my secret out of your mind. I thought then you would never hear it, but the time has come to tell it. Leslie, my little one, would you like to hear what that 'something' was?"

"Oh no!" she cries, eagerly. "Let us go on as we are."

"That is impossible," he answers, and in simple, manly manner tells the story of his love.

She listens with fingers nervously interlaced, and when he asks her if she can give him any hope, she sadly shakes her head.

He is silent a moment, then touches his lips to her clasped hands.

"Good-by," he says, quietly. "I will go away by myself and conquer this madness, and when it is quite ended, I will come back and be your friend. Don't cry, little one: God knows I would not bring a shadow's shadow across your life. I shall soon get over it, never fear; and in the mean time good-by."

"It is I that should go," she says, brokenly.

"This is your home, child, and without you all the world is alike to me. Smile before I go, Leslie; I don't like to leave you in tears."

Leslie smiles, obedient to his will, and Gordon stoops and reverently touches the clasped hands once more; then with a look that is literally a caress he leaves her alone with the moonlight and the roses.

Gordon's departure arouses Leslie most effectually from her lethargy. She awakens to find her heart still keenly alive to love. Home seems homeless without Gordon. She misses him in the morning, when the mother is deep in household cares; she misses him in the afternoon, when all the world seems reading or asleep; and she misses him in the evening, when Mrs. Leigh nods drowsily in the starlight, and the lovers go strolling past two by two. Everything about the house reminds her of him. The papers, the books, the flowers, and most of all the little room with the curious diamond-paned windows. She longs for his return, but pride keeps her silent; for has she not told him her life was ended over and over again? And now she finds her life has but just begun. She discovers that her love for Hobart was an infatuation and a madness born of youth and inexperience, while her love for Leigh is a something based on respect and tinged with reverence.

"HE HAS NEVER STRUCK ME BEFORE."

Mrs. Leigh is puzzled by the variableness of Leslie's moods. One day the girl sings and laughs with her old-time merriment, and the next she is dull and listless and sad. She flits from one thing to another with a rapidity that distracts slow Mrs. Leigh, and no longer repulses the attentions of men, but receives them as other women receive them; then suddenly becomes interested in her toilet, dresses her hair as Gordon likes it, and tries the effect of colors.

Mrs. Leigh accounts for the change in the usual woman's way. She feels sure Leslie is about to be remarried, and settles upon a Mr. Guerdon as the happy wooer; and in the midst of it all Gordon Leigh comes home, and is told Mrs. Leigh's suspicions before he has been in the house two hours.

"I am very glad of it," he answers, calmly. "And Guerdon is a good fellow, though just a *trifle* stupid. I suppose she will tell me the whole thing to-night."

"I suppose so," echoes his mother; for she is fully convinced in her own mind of the truth of her assertions, and fancies Leslie is only awaiting her son's return to make the engagement public.

Gordon looks tired and sober when he joins Leslie in the room with curious diamond-paned windows. He can scarcely realize that her marriage is not a dream to-night, she seems so like the child Leslie that grew into womanhood under his roof.

"Little one," he says, kindly, "the mother tells me you are quite yourself again. I am very glad, and if there is anything you would like to tell me, shall be glad to hear it. You must forget those foolish words of mine. I am quite over that silliness now, and am content to be your friend. Believe me, little one, I shall be the first to rejoice over anything that makes you happy."

The girl looks at him through a mist of blinding tears. What can he mean? Has he already forgotten her?

"Gordon," she answers, "I made a terrible mistake in the beginning of my life, and I think I have made another."

"Tell me about it," he says, quietly.

"Ah!" she answers, brokenly, "you have made that impossible."

"I?" he asks, in surprise. "I do not understand you."

"Neither can I explain," she replies, proudly.

"Leslie," says Gordon, firmly, "I intend to know what you mean before I leave you, so you may as well tell me at once. You shall not wreck your happiness twice. Of course it is about love," with a little, bitter laugh.

"Of course," she answers; "and it all means nothing, and ends in foolishness."

"Has Mr. Guerdon been trifling with you?"

"Mr. Guerdon? Why, he is to be married to Kitty Cleave next week."

"Leslie, I am not the sort of man that wooes two women, neither am I the kind that urge for what is denied them. I hold it cowardly to torment a woman, for a 'no' means 'no'; but all men don't hold these rules. So tell me who it is that worries you, and I will call him strictly to account."

"His name is Gordon Leigh," said Leslie, averting her face.

"Speak, child, and explain yourself," he cries, passionately; but she only says, in a cold, still voice,

"You need no explanation."

"Child, you madden me. Can it be possible that you have learned to love me at last? Fool that I am to imagine it! Of course you love some other man, and want me again to give away what I hold most precious. Leslie"—his breath coming thick and short—"you are cruel to make me suffer so. Do you want to give me a glimpse of heaven that I may better realize the depths of hell?"

"It is you that are cruel, Gordon, not I."

"Then tell me that you love me," he cries.

"Yes, Gordon, I do love you, with all my heart and soul and strength. Does that content you, Gordon? Am I cruel now?"

He kisses her very tenderly, and leads her to the mother.

"See, mother," he cries, gayly, "your predictions are verified. Leslie is to be remarried."

"But where is Mr. Guerdon?" asks the mother, in blank amazement.

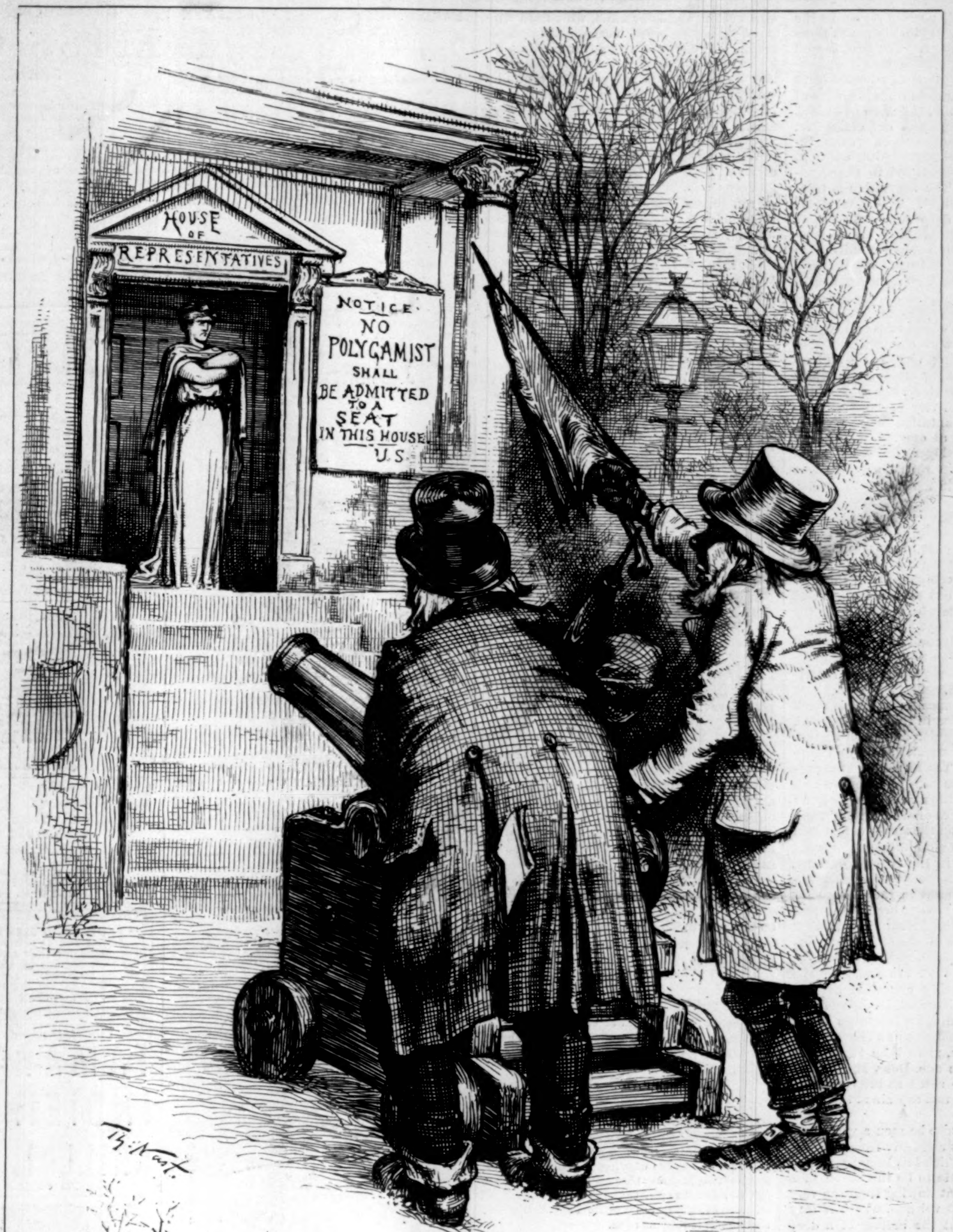
"I have taken his place, mother. Have you any objections?"

"Well! well!" ejaculates Mrs. Leigh; "what a blind old goose I was!"

"We are all blind at times, mother; but it doesn't matter since it ends in—"

"Moonshine!" whispers Leslie, as the moon shines down upon them.

"'HIS NAME IS GORDON LEIGH,' SAID LESLIE."



"VIOLATORS OF THE LAWS OF THE LAND."

COLUMBIA. "Even (G. Q.) Cannon shall not open these Doors to you."

THE ORIZABA EXHIBITION.

AN Industrial Exhibition of the most interesting character is now being held in the ancient city of Orizaba, Mexico. Local exhibitions of Mexican products have in previous years been held in Puebla and other States of the republic, and now for the first time the large and wealthy State of Vera Cruz comes to the front with an exhibition which surpasses all others in magnitude and interest. Although the preparations and the expense incident thereto have been borne entirely by the State of Vera Cruz, the cordial invitation extended to other States to exhibit their products and manufactures has been so universally accepted as to give to this enterprise a thoroughly national character. No better opportunity has ever been given to study the industrial condition and the natural products of Mexico. Here may be seen finely woven silk and linen *rebozos*, or scarfs, and exquisite figured pottery from Guadalajara; specimens of marble or Mexican onyx from Puebla, from the rough block as taken from the quarry to the elegantly polished slabs for tables, and beautiful vases, and paper-weights wrought in the form of fruits of the country; cotton goods of all kinds, the products of hundreds of busy looms; glass-ware; agricultural implements—in short, everything which a civilized and progressive country ought to produce, and which Mexico does produce in large quantities and of good quality. The exhibit of ores and other minerals, and of native woods, in which Mexico is exceptionally rich, is of the most interesting character, and the productions of agriculture, such as grain, coffee, sugar, tobacco, and cocoa, show the vast richness of the soil and the kindly nature of the climate.

There are a few exhibits from the United States, for Vera Cruz sent invitations to many Northern manufacturers, especially to those whose productions are in demand in Mexico at the present time.

In the open land near the building is an exhibition of domestic animals, comprising horses, donkeys, and mules (of which Mexico produces the finest breeds in America), cattle of all kinds, sheep, goats, and swine.

The building itself is a handsome and commodious wooden structure, situated at one side of the *alameda*, or public park, a wilderness of orange-trees and flowering shrubs, among which sparkle fountains of crystal-clear water from the mountain springs. A more picturesque location could not well be imagined than the site chosen for this building. It lies on the outskirts of the city, directly at the foot of the Borrego—a lofty wooded hill, on whose slope the Mexican forces once made stubborn resistance to the French army, and where many a brave soldier fell and died. A gaunt wooden cross half-way up the hill-side marks the spot where numbers were buried.

The small fertile valley in the centre of which lies the city is entirely encircled by wooded hills, above which here and there in the distance rise mountains with downward-curving outlines, while towering above all, twenty-five miles away, yet seemingly much nearer, the volcanic peak of Orizaba lifts its mighty head, crowned with glistening snow. Its internal fires have been quenched for ages, but it hides a vast hoard of sulphur within its almost inaccessible cone, lying in wait for some engineer of the future who shall invent a means of gaining easy possession of this valuable mineral.

The mountains and hills which inclose the valley of Orizaba are a part of the secondary chain which spreads out from the grand central sierras as a gigantic buttress between the mountains of the great plateau and the lowlands of the coast. They are mainly composed of sedimentary rock, calcareous in character, covered with rich clayey soil and accumulations of all kinds of geological débris. A luxuriant growth of trees and shrubs, broken at intervals by rocky crags, covers their slopes, and the ancient inhabitants of the valleys, with the true Indian perception of natural beauty, named the range Matlaquiahuite, signifying dark green hills.

Orizaba was among the earliest localities visited by Cortez and his men after the landing at Vera Cruz in 1519. They found there a magnificent fertile valley thickly populated by a peaceful people, the descendants of Toltec and Tlaxcalan families, who several centuries before had wandered from the chilling climate of the upper plateau to settle in a more tropical region. They called their beautiful valley Ahauializapan, signifying joy by dancing water. Cortez, writing of his discoveries to Charles V., spelled the name Aulicaba. Being rolled over Spanish tongues, the word soon became Orizaba.

This city owes its rapid growth after the Spanish settlement to the fact that it was the resting-place for the trains of merchandise passing between the city of Mexico and Vera Cruz, which during the rainy season often remained encamped for weeks on the plain of Escamela, across which the Vera Cruz Railroad now winds as it enters the city on its upward course to the plateau. It was a favorite locality of the Viceroys, and was one of the few cities of Mexico which received the gift of a coat of arms from the royal government at Madrid. The device of this coat of arms, which is still proudly cherished by the inhabitants of Orizaba, is a crowned eagle with spread wings, holding in its claws a shield bearing the castles and lions of Castile, and encircled with a legend praising the benignity of the climate, the fertility of the soil, the picturesque location, and the loyalty of the people.

The Exhibition now in progress at Orizaba was formally opened to the public on the 15th of December. It was an occasion of great festivity; the city was gayly decked with flags, and all its inhabitants were in the streets or on the balconies to watch the grand procession, headed by the Governor of Vera Cruz and distinguished guests from all parts of the country, pass on its way to the Exposition Building, where with speeches and other ceremonies the enterprise was fittingly inaugurated.

Large numbers of excursionists from the United States are visiting the Orizaba Exhibition, and a more interesting trip could not well be imagined. There are few localities more worthy of a visit than this beautiful valley, which summer and winter enjoys a climate which is tropical without being oppressively hot, the force of the sun being tempered by the bracing air of the mountains.

The facilities for reaching Mexico, especially during the winter, when the New Orleans route is in operation, are so extensive that it is difficult to determine the most agreeable manner of travel. If one is fond of sea-voyaging, the direct steamers, which ply weekly between New York and Vera Cruz, may be chosen. The trip occupies about eleven days, and offers much variety. From the cold and stormy winds of Hatteras the steamer glides into placid summer seas, and passing under the walls of the ancient Morro Castle, remains for a day in the picturesque harbor of Havana. Then follows the trip across the Gulf of Mexico, with a glimpse of the Yucatan ports. Several hours before reaching Vera Cruz the peak of Orizaba appears like a hoary giant overlooking the low ranges of hills nearer the coast. The steamer comes to anchor under the walls of the ancient Spanish fortress of San Juan de Ulua, which is built on a reef stretching in front of the low sandy shore upon which stands the city of Vera Cruz, a somewhat small collection of flat-roofed buildings with blue and yellow walls, above which rise numbers of churches with domes of colored tiles. Vera Cruz may also be reached by steamer from New Orleans or Galveston, the latter giving a voyage of sixty hours only.

Landing at Vera Cruz must be accomplished in small boats, of which a crowd surrounds the steamer the moment she reaches her anchorage, and the distance between the vessel and the shore is quickly traversed by the sturdy Indian boatmen. Passing through the arched gateway of the Custom-house, the traveller finds himself in a large square, where donkeys, cotton bales, and other merchandise, Indians and huge turkey-buzzards, all unite in forming a grand and bewildering confusion. There are no carriages in waiting, and one must walk to the station, if it be train-time, or to one of the hotels near by. Stalwart Indians are in readiness to shoulder luggage, or, if it be beyond their strength, to pile it on a donkey-cart. Of Vera Cruz hotels it is best to see as little as possible, and in Vera Cruz itself no excursionist will remain any longer than is necessary. A ride of six hours

brings one from this desolate region to the paradise of Orizaba, which lies about ninety miles from the coast. The road is well built, and the cars commodious, the first-class being English coupés, cushioned with soft leather. The first four hours are spent in traversing the plain, the *tierra caliente* of the coast. The scenery is not attractive. Along the line of the railroad are small Indian villages with sleepy-looking stations. Everything appears reduced to the dead-level of the coast. The vegetation is tropical but not luxuriant. The few rivers flow sluggishly in deep cuts, with clayey banks, washed into unsightly crevices by the violent rains which deluge Mexico from May to November. But suddenly a transformation takes place. The train dashes into the mountains, and the wondrous ascent begins. The sluggish rivers are changed to glistening cascades, which rush and tumble through rocky gorges overhung with a wild confusion of flowering vines. Up and up winds the road, crossing bridges of perilous height, and creeping along the sides of the mountains. The old city of Cordova, nestled among coffee plantations and groves of mango-trees, is left at one side; there are more wonderful bridges, more mountain passes, and the train rolls between sugar plantations and grain fields into the valley of Orizaba.

The station is on the outskirts of the city, but a short ride either by carriage or horse-cars brings the traveller to the main street, where the largest hotels are located. These hotels are small as compared with those of the United States, but they are clean and comfortable. The most frequented are the Hotel de la Borda, kept by a kind and attentive German lady, and Las Diligencias. During the Exposition numbers of lodging-houses have also been prepared for the reception of travellers.

Apart from the Exposition, there is much to be seen and studied in this ancient town. The streets are irregular, and, with the exception of the main street, narrow and sloping to the centre. The mountain stream—for it can scarcely be called a river—which rushes through the town is crossed by numbers of arched bridges of solid masonry, and along its banks, under the shade of plantain and fig trees, Indian girls kneel on the rocks or stand knee-deep in the rushing current, forming picturesque groups of washer-women. There are houses in the city sacred to the Mexicans as having been the homes of the Padre Morelos, Iturbide, and other patriots associated with the struggle for independence from Spanish tyranny; there are ruined monasteries, their crumbling arches draped with flowering creepers; ancient churches, rich in historical reminiscences; and at Ingenio, a village a few miles away, are the crumbling remains of a chapel built by Cortez, in which, more than three hundred and fifty years ago, Doña Marina, the Indian maiden who acted as interpreter to Cortez, was married to a captain of the Spanish forces.

At Ingenio may also be seen a wonderful spring bursting out suddenly from the base of the mountain, which has been proven by different experiments to be the outlet of a subterranean torrent flowing from the very centre of the great volcano, where it may be heard roaring at the bottom of a deep chasm.

There are several remarkable water-falls in different parts of the valley, solitary and grand in a wilderness of aged moss-covered sycamores and waving tropical reeds. Although near the city, they are rarely visited, and the solitude is almost primeval.

Among the hills near the city are numerous Indian villages, where the ancient Aztec language is still spoken. It is soft and melodious, rippling like a mountain brook, but extremely complicated and difficult to acquire.

Near San Juan, an Indian village so embowered in coffee, orange, and plantain trees that the huts are invisible, is a remarkable cave. It is a labyrinth of passageways, the walls of which are covered with hieroglyphics, and as it contains many idols and other relics of the ancient inhabitants of the valley, it is supposed to have been once used as a temple. The Indians, from a feeling of reverence for their ancestors, guard this cave jealously, and it is with difficulty that permission can be gained to visit it. It is said there are aged inhabitants of San Juan who can decipher the figures on the wall, but no persuasion can induce them to reveal what they consider a sacred secret; for it is believed that many of these Indians, although professing to be devout adherents of the Catholic Church, in their hearts still bow down before the gods of their forefathers.

Orizaba is a city of the present and the future as well as the past. In no part of Mexico is the spirit of modern enterprise more widely awake. Flourishing sugar plantations dot the surface of the valley, and the mountain streams, rushing downward to the lower plains, turn the wheels of extensive cotton and flour mills, which are supplied with the latest mechanical improvements. The city is well governed, its public schools are among the best in Mexico, and its inhabitants are intelligent, public-spirited, and always ready to welcome with generous hospitality the stranger who goes among them. The population numbers at present about thirty-two thousand.

With its genial climate, its abundance and variety of fruits, and its profusion of flowers, Orizaba offers an attractive haven of refuge for those wishing to escape the rigors of a Northern winter. It is reached by easy and pleasant means of travel, and living there is not expensive. The present rapid increase in this country of interest in Mexico will undoubtedly bring Orizaba into notice as a delightful and healthy winter resort.

"ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON."

The arrival in the Thames of the *Meifoo*, the first of a line of Chinese trading steamers intended to run between Shanghai and London, has caused great consternation in England. "If this line succeeds," say the English newspapers, "we shall have Chinese immigrants by the thousand entering London." They prophesy that certain trades will inevitably pass into their hands, and gloomily exclaim, "If the Chinese come, questions will arise to which strikes are trifling."

A CHINESE BURIAL.

The Chinese have a profound reverence for the dead, and the worship of ancestors is one of the most solemn rites of their religion. They carry the custom into foreign lands, and pay great attention to the graves where their dead find a temporary resting-place previous to removal to their native land.

Our illustration on page 56 represents a scene in Lone Mountain Cemetery, San Francisco—one of the Chinese temporary burial-places in California. Their funerals are gala excursions. Hacks and coaches are at a premium. The procession is headed by musicians with gongs and other musical instruments, followed by friends of the deceased and hired mourners. The latter, dressed in white, chant the praises of the dead in discordant strains.

After the burial, lighted tapers are placed on the grave, which is covered with dishes of the choicest Chinese cookery; and as experience has taught our Celestial friends that their Hoodlum enemies will make free work with the provisions if left on the ground for the benefit of the departed, it has become the custom to consume them on the spot. Meanwhile a native priest chants, rings a bell, and sprinkles the grave with consecrated water.

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We therefore suggest that all people into whose hands this may fall, should come and see the work we are daily producing before asking the advice of any one who, through ignorance or enmity, might condemn our invention. Send for a circular explaining the work.
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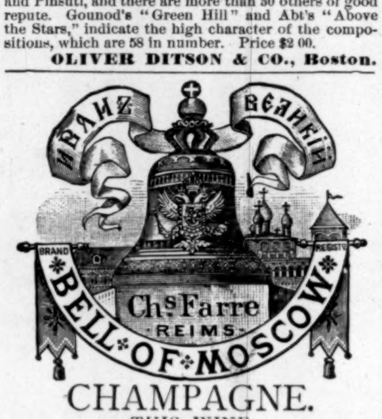

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ST. GEORGE DOES NOT SEEM PLEASED WITH THE DRAGON CIVILIZED.

The first Chinese steamer has arrived in the Thames.—[*See Page* 62.]

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